

# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1876.

## The Week.

CONGRESS reassembled on Wednesday, and on the same day Senator Morrill introduced a resumption bill, not as a party measure, he said, but "on his own responsibility." It authorizes the Treasury to sell bonds (bearing interest at not more than 4½ per cent.) for legal tenders, and retire the legal tenders; provides that all contracts made after January 1, 1878, shall be payable in gold, unless otherwise specified in advance; and requires all national banks to hold in coin as part of their reserve, from January 1, 1877, one-fourth of the whole, from January 1, 1878, one-half, and from October 1, 1878, three-fourths. The bill gave rise to a slight debate, during which Mr. Thurman took occasion to use some strong language as to the behavior of the majority in passing the resumption bill of the last session without debate, or even giving the minority a fair opportunity of examination. The bill was referred to the Committee on Finance. On Monday the vexed question of Mr. Ferry's powers and rights was raised, four resolutions being submitted by Mr. Morton, to the effect that the tenure of a President *pro tempore* of the Senate elected at one session does not expire at the meeting of Congress after the first recess, the Vice-President not having appeared to take the chair; that the death of the Vice-President does not have the effect to vacate the office of President *pro tempore* of the Senate; that the office of President *pro tempore* of the Senate is held at the pleasure of the Senate; that the Hon. Thomas W. Ferry, the Senator from Michigan, who was elected President *pro tempore* of the Senate at the last session, is now the President *pro tempore* by virtue of said election. Of these, the first two were unanimously carried. Mr. Conover, of Florida, has introduced some resolutions calling upon the President to "declare and maintain the strictest neutrality between the Government of Spain and the people of Cuba," and to put in force and operation "the same provisions made and enacted by the Government of Her Majesty the Queen of Spain, on June 17, 1861"—which means, we presume, a recognition of belligerency.

In the House there has been more activity. On Wednesday Mr. Casson introduced a resolution for the purpose of catching unwary Democrats, commending the soldiers and sailors for their gallant services, and urging their claims to office and to pensions; but the Democrats were not to be caught, and the resolution was agreed to amid great laughter. This was followed shortly after by another bamcombe measure, introduced by Mr. Fort of Illinois, insisting that the "wise and just" principle adopted by the vote on Mr. Casson's resolution ought to apply to the subordinate offices in the House of Representatives, and that in all such offices Union soldiers ought to have the preference over Confederates; but the previous question was not seconded, and, on motion of Mr. Fernando Wood, it was referred to the Centennial Committee. The next day the Centennial Appropriation came up, Mr. Hopkins from the committee reporting a bill granting \$1,500,000, one-third payable immediately, and the remainder in four monthly instalments, with a proviso that the Government shall not be further liable for aid or for any debts contracted. This was referred to the Committee of the Whole. The Democratic majority then showed its indisposition to meddle with the currency question at present by voting down the previous question on an anti-contraction resolution, and referring it to the Committee of Ways and Means, and also adopted a resolution for the appointment of a select committee on the Mexican border outrages. On Monday there was an amnesty struggle, Mr. Randall having introduced a bill to amnesty everybody, and Mr. Blaine having offered an amendment excepting Jefferson Davis, which led to a good deal of filibustering, the defeat of Mr. Ran-

dall's bill for want of a two-thirds vote, and finally to a speech by Mr. Blaine, who went over the history of amnesty, showed that the Republican party was entitled to the lasting gratitude of the South for its clemency since the war, explained that only about 750 rebels were unamnestied now, and justified his amendment excluding Davis from any general amnesty on account of his criminal connivance at the Andersonville barbarities during the Rebellion.

There are a good many reasons why amnesty should be refused Jefferson Davis, and we agree with Mr. Blaine in thinking his moral responsibility for Andersonville one of them. Mr. Hill of Georgia, an ex-Confederate Senator, who replied to Mr. Blaine, had a right to deny this responsibility, but he made a great mistake in attempting to whitewash the rebel prisons. He was addressing men who had seen the skeletons that came alive out of Andersonville or had survived the horrors of Belle Isle, and he might as well have offered statistics to prove that there had been no Rebellion as that the names of those and other Southern prison-camps are not justly to be for ever infamous as scenes of needless, wanton, devilish inhumanity. One who has ever read of the Federal prisoners' makeshifts for shelter, or, as was still possible after the war, has seen the burrows into which they crawled, or has ever stood before a collection of the implements which they shaped as best they might, knows how long a step towards savagery they were driven to take by their savage keepers. On this subject the North has made up its mind, and Southern members of Congress who desire to get "the bloody shirt" out of politics had better refrain from following the example of Mr. Hill. Difficult as it is to prove Davis's direct part in these atrocities, it is more difficult to relieve him of immediate moral responsibility for them, seeing that he was not in ignorance of the facts, and that he never lifted a finger even by way of protest. It is worth while to remind Congressmen, too, that Wirtz was found guilty by a court-martial of "conspiring and confederating" with Jefferson Davis, and others, in the cruel treatment of Federal prisoners for which he was hung. It would be simple stultification to amnesty his military superior, who looked upon his conduct with indifference or approval.

The President has sent to the Senate the name of E. C. Billings as United States Judge, in place of Durell, who resigned to avoid impeachment. When his intention of making this nomination was first announced, a good many people expressed the belief that it was impossible, inasmuch as it would simply be getting rid of Durell to put in his place the man who advised the acts for which Durell was removed. Billings has been a good deal "mixed up" in Louisiana politics. His enemies say he is the same Billings who had a great deal to do with the illegal midnight order issued by Judge Durell, by the aid of which he and his political friends captured the State government; the same Billings who was Kellogg's counsel; the same Billings who wrote to Kellogg with a view to suppressing evidence before the Senate Committee. This cannot be, however; for we know that General Grant is greatly interested in the reform of the judiciary at the South, and only the other day expressed unfeigned surprise on hearing that Moses and Whipper had been made judges by the South Carolina Legislature. He could hardly believe it, and was reported as calling the particular attention of his informant to the fact that these were not common political places, but *judicial* offices, requiring men of training, high professional standing, purity, and honor to fill them. The fact is, we suppose, that he is just now so much engrossed with devising schemes for our protection against the Pope and the churches that he has hardly time to look into qualifications for office or keep the run of mere politics.

Some of our journalists shed much lustre on their vocation last week when they accepted Mr. Reverdy Johnson's decision in

the Schenck case as final. The question of Schenck's guilt or innocence is not in the least a legal question; it is a moral one; and it belongs to a class of subjects on which journalists are constantly preaching—some of them with loud yells and vituperation. If there be anything in the world on which they proclaim their competency to pass final judgment, it is stock transactions and official propriety. The idea that they would let a lawyer, however eminent, settle the right or wrong of such things for them, has probably never until now entered anybody's mind. But last week, although they had had all Mr. Johnson's facts before them for some weeks, some of them, on reading him, surrendered their judgment with as much docility and alacrity as if they were boarding-school misses listening to an exposition from a minister, and had never heard of such naughty men as Park and Stewart, and had to have stock operations and bubble companies explained to them. "Dear me!" they said, "and so poor General Schenck was calumniated by those wicked editors after all; isn't it too bad? There is Mr. Reverdy Johnson, who says he has done nothing wrong whatever, and what a pity he did not speak sooner, and save the dear old General all this fuss and worry. But how dreadful of Mr. Park and Mr. Stewart to deceive him in this way about their horrid mine, and their shares and things, and get all his property away from him. They have already got his house now, Mr. Johnson says, and he will have nowhere to live when he comes home. Why, he'll have to go to a hotel, won't he?"

The Wiard correspondence came into Mr. Johnson's hands soon after he wrote his letter about the Emma Mine affair, and he judiciously handed it over to Mr. Schenck himself, who wrote an unctuous letter in reply, not denying the genuineness of his letter to Wiard, but explaining that he made nothing by agreeing to push the Machado claim. The case as it now stands, with Mr. Schenck's own explanation before us, and one since made by Wiard himself, is that Schenck, being in a sort of partnership with this Wiard (who is a person of very indifferent reputation) in the manufacture of ordnance, received after he went to England notice of the conclusion of a contract between Wiard and a certain Machado, by which, if Schenck took up a claim made by the latter and obtained payment of it, Wiard was to receive \$100,000, but nothing if the payment was not obtained by Schenck. Schenck, on hearing of this, did not repudiate the arrangement or rebuke Wiard for making it, but rebuked him for letting his name appear in the papers, and, about the contract itself, said "he would look into the case and ascertain what could be done"—i.e., would see whether he could not earn the money for Wiard. From letters since published, it appears that Wiard had the contract altered to suit Schenck's objections, meaning, we suppose, that he left his name out. Schenck is now very indignant over the publication of his "private papers," and declares he cannot understand the "strangely cruel malignity" with which he has been "recently pursued." We think we can throw some light on the matter. He is "pursued" because he has been, while American Minister in London, engaged in disreputable transactions, by which hundreds of honest foreigners have been grossly cheated and dishonor brought on the American name, and because those decent Americans who are sensitive about the national fame want him to resign and come home. If he will do so, millions will hear of his return with joy, and we are sure the press will stop "meddling with his private affairs." Apropos of Mr. Schenck's operations, we have to call attention to the report that Mr. Francis Thomas, the late United States Minister to Peru, is now before the courts of that country in a case arising out of his lending money to several Peruvians at 18 per cent. interest, on pledge of necklaces, brooches, rings, and other jewels. In fact, he seems to have been doing a small pawnbroking business during his diplomatic service, and he is now applying to the courts for permission to sell his pledges. The question which this naturally suggests, and which we trust has occurred to Mr. Fish, is, what shall we next hear of in this line? We may mention here that the Centennial Commissioners deny having in any way accredited Forney to act for them

in Europe. But he has nevertheless been passing himself off as their agent, and giving himself the lofty title of "International Commissioner," and has been making as much noise in Europe as the Commission itself, and the Commission have accepted such service as he has chosen to render. Now, we hold they are, considering his character, bound to repudiate and disown him. There are surely moral contributions due to the Centennial as well as material ones, and the Commissioners ought to be the first to make them. No man ought to speak for them anywhere in times like these who is not above reproach.

The Mayor has nominated Fitz John Porter as Commissioner of Public Works for six years, but there seems to be little chance of his confirmation. The aldermen are politically, of course, opposed to the Mayor, though the great reform tide which carried them into office has subsided somewhat since the election. The service rendered by General Porter to the public in making a stand against the communistic system of public works has at last attracted the attention of the property-owners themselves, and a number of taxpayers petitioned the committee having the matter in charge for a hearing. This was rather late in the day for a movement of the sort, and it is much to be regretted that these same gentlemen did not bestir themselves before the election, when they might have done much to arouse public opinion to a sense of the true nature of the "reform" movement, and have prevented the reformers from carrying all before them. The committee of course reported adversely. What this movement really was, was beautifully shown the other day in the solemn passage by the aldermen of a resolution binding themselves not to vote for any commissioner who would not pledge himself in advance to pay the laborers two dollars a day. It was then pointed out to the aldermen that such a pledge would, under the constitution and laws, amount to felony, and any one giving it would have to be indicted; on learning this, they reconsidered the vote. The "reform" papers are very calm now, and seldom refer to the late election, except in a dignified and remote way, as a matter with which they had nothing to do and which was decided wholly by "the people."

The suits between Mr. Bowen and the Brooklyn *Eagle* were not compromised. Mr. Bowen withdrew unconditionally, although the defendant's answer contained a list of bubble companies which, it alleged, had been puffed, for money, in the columns of the *Independent*, and of offers or threats, in the nature of blackmail, made by the publisher of that paper to induce people to advertise with him. The case is a pretty shocking one, but we doubt if it will make much impression on the ministers who write for Mr. Bowen or on the clerical trustees of the Congregational Union. The *Methodist* had recently some very good observations on the rapid growth among us of a good-humored and even jocose view of stealing (including, we presume, under that term all dishonest modes of getting money), somewhat resembling the view common among the Latin races about unchastity. We smile now, and the clergy have begun to join us, when we hear or say that so-and-so has been lying or cheating or levying blackmail. The *Methodist* wants to have the ministers take the matter up seriously in their pulpits, and preach about it. We propose that they do not wait till they go up into the pulpit, but take it up in the vestry and in their studies and in their newspaper offices, and act as if they really thought there was a certain force in the Eighth Commandment.

Two resumption bills of importance have made their appearance in the House, one introduced by Mr. Morrison, and the other by Mr. Payne, of Ohio. The former directs the Treasury to accumulate a coin reserve "from all sources in excess of the requirements of the public debt," till it amounts to thirty per cent. of the outstanding Government notes; requires every national bank to retain the coin



interest paid on its bonds deposited against circulation, to the amount of the present legal reserve, and in addition to this an amount sufficient (together with these legal reserves) to equal thirty per cent. of its circulation, the whole to be held as a coin reserve against circulation; repeals the Legal Tender Act, the repeal to take effect as soon as the thirty per cent. is actually on hand in the Treasury and the banks; and, finally, repeals so much of the Resumption Act of last year as pledges the Treasury to resumption on January 1, 1879. Mr. Payne's bill also repeals this pledge; establishes a fund for Treasury resumption consisting of five per cent. of all the specie coming from customs; requires the banks also to retain and accumulate five per cent. of their bond interest as security for the redemption of their notes; and provides that the date of resumption shall be determined at a conference between the Secretary and the banks. Both these bills have an air of sincerity, as they provide the means of resuming; but the practice of repealing pledges when making new ones makes the new ones no more valuable than the old. If there should be a Republican majority in the next Congress, why should they not put a stop to this accumulation of gold and try something else? The moral of it all seems to be, Get the currency out of the hands of Congress as soon as possible.

The foreign money markets have been more or less agitated during the week by the apprehension of political complications in regard to the Eastern question, but at the close there was a more tranquil feeling. The Bank of England took another step to prevent the flow of gold from its vaults to the Continent by putting its minimum discount rate up to five per cent. This step proved effectual so far as Paris was concerned; and although exchange between London and Paris has not been changed to the degree of warranting the shipment of gold from the latter to the former, yet as the week closed the rates of sterling at Paris were tending to that point. Exchange between New York and London has continued steady, all the bills on London against the recent negotiation of Baltimore and Ohio and Philadelphia and Reading bonds not having been sold apparently. These bills have been taken by bankers who have been importing United States bonds, and who, had it not been for this supply, would have been compelled to send gold to London—the available supply of commercial paper having been no larger than was needed to meet the demand of merchants having remittances to make. The gold market has been firmer than during the preceding week, on account of the foreign news respecting the Eastern question, and because it is seen that, unless something intervenes to check the return of United States bonds to this country, gold will soon begin to figure in our exports. The New York banks, however, are gaining gold by reason of the Treasury interest payments, and now hold nearly \$25,000,000. The condition of the money market has not been notable, except for the efforts of Stock-Exchange speculators to check the downward tendency of rates. Currency is flowing to this centre from all points. The January investments have had their usual effect on all classes of good securities, and prices have advanced. In the movement of the leading staples of the country there has been more activity both in cotton and Western products. The gold price of \$100 greenbacks has ranged during the week between \$89 88 and \$88 30.

The *Daily Bulletin* has been publishing some statistics, which are certainly worth attention, as to the taxation imposed upon us since the war. In 1870, the taxes of all kinds levied amounted to about \$730,000,000, and it is safe to say that they have not been materially reduced since. Putting the annual national savings at \$500,000,000, our taxes amount to considerably more than our surplus. That we were able to pay such taxes and still accumulate wealth showed undoubtedly a great elasticity and a steady progress; but it was also clear that at no distant day this elasticity would give out and progress come temporarily to a standstill. The

comparison made by the *Bulletin* between the growth of population and that of taxes does not seem so conclusive as a mere statement of the enormous figures the taxes themselves have reached. Since 1860, the population may have increased 40 per cent., while the ordinary expenses of the Government may have increased 200 per cent.; but then the wealth of the country may have increased in a far greater ratio than the population. And we may say the same thing of the relation between the increase in New York of 36 per cent. in population to 300 in taxation. A comparison between the increase of the market value of real estate and the increase of the burdens it has to bear would show more strikingly than anything how bad a system we have been enduring. The gradual process by which, in thriving cities like New York and Boston, taxation has gradually risen through wasteful expenditure and fraud, till in many cases the assessed valuation of property equals or is even higher than its actual value in the market, is a very good gauge of the progress from good government to bad.

There is naturally more excitement in Europe over the Thomas, or Thomassen, or Alexander affair than here, because the victims lived there; but, considering the terror that the affair has added to ocean travel, and the great extent to which ocean travelling is done by Americans, the wonder is people are not more troubled here. Nothing, or next to nothing, would seem to have been discovered as yet about his antecedents. Even his wife denies all knowledge of his real name, after eleven years of married life; but he appears to have been a man of education, and of sufficient charm of manners to have been a favorite in society in Dresden. His crime called out a discussion in the German press, in which he was set down as a legitimate product of American civilization, which roused the indignation of the Americans in Germany, and led to a foolish meeting to protest, besides some apparently fruitless enquiries into Thomas's origin. He is also furnishing material for studies in morbid psychology to the London papers, the *Spectator*, in particular, finding him a rich subject. One of the mysteries it finds in him is that he should be willing to kill so many people in order to get a little money, but we suspect he is not singular in this. Thousands of criminals would kill many hundreds to get a thousand dollars, if it were necessary or easy. The attempts to throw railroad trains off the track, and the despatch of unseaworthy ships to sea, and wholesale arson for the sake of plunder, are illustrations of just the state of mind that is found so puzzling in Thomas, and these have not been very uncommon. The curious thing in the case is that a man of so much nerve should have committed suicide on seeing his scheme miscarry, for the slaughter can hardly have appalled him. What is perhaps most alarming about it is the indication it affords of the gradual ascent of crime among the better educated classes, and the turning of keen commercial ability to criminal enterprises. On this subject, the history of the silent conflict which has gone on for years between safemakers and the better class of burglars would throw some instructive and entertaining light.

It appears probable at this writing that England, France, and Italy will give in their adhesion to Count Andrassy's note, if they have not already done so, and it has been presented to the Porte and replied to. There is little doubt it has been taken in good part, and a promise made to execute it. The general belief in Europe is that the execution will be guaranteed by an Austrian military force; but Austria herself proposes as yet only consular and ambassadorial supervision, and denies that any order has been given for the mobilization of her troops. There are still reports of fighting, with severe reverses for the insurgents, but no reverses are now likely to daunt them, with Europe in consultation over their case. The Sultan is reported as still utterly insensible to the situation, and busy with the construction of a grand mosque which will make his memory illustrious.

## GOVERNOR TILDEN ON THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

WHAT Mr. Tilden says about the national finances is worthy of attention on other than economical grounds, because he is the only Democratic politician of prominence, unless Mr. Bayard can be called a prominent politician, who professes to have, and has promulgated, any strong and clearly-defined opinions on the subject. Nor is there anything remarkable in his giving so much space to it in his message. In fact, the suggestion that he should confine himself in that document to the discussion of State affairs borders on the absurd. As long as this State pays from fifty to eighty millions a year of the taxes of the Federal Government, and is the principal commercial State in the Union, the condition of the currency, and the mode of collecting and disbursing the revenue, must be matters of paramount importance to its people. Moreover, it is difficult to overestimate the value of the discussion of financial questions in a rational manner by persons whose position gives them the ear of the farmers. We in the great cities, who see profound thinkers and eminent economists in the horse-cars every day by the dozen, and are burdened by the quantity of reading matter which besets us, have little idea of the care and perseverance with which the country voter works through a President's or a Governor's message, or even the oratory of the *Congressional Globe*.

Mr. Tilden's position with regard to the currency is that it is fallacious to suppose that the amount of the currency has any constant or determining influence on prices; that prices are mainly raised by the extension of bank credits, and that this extension is called for by a feverish condition of the popular imagination about the probable course of trade in the immediate future; that because low prices and a small volume of currency, and high prices and a large volume, have often been found concomitant phenomena, they have been erroneously put in the relation of cause and effect; that it has been supposed, but is not true, that if everybody found himself with two gold coins in his pocket instead of one, he would pay double price for his commodities; and, finally, that the ratio of currency to prices is not accurately computable. This is nearly all true; but, like nearly every proposition in economical science, is true with many limitations and reserves, into which we do not purpose entering here. Mr. Tilden evidently introduces it all with the view of preparing us for the theory, which he seems to entertain, that we do not need contraction in order to get back to specie payments; and he pushes this theory into prominence evidently by way of a sedative for the popular nerves, which he thinks are unduly excited by fear that the resumption of specie payments will be attended by a great convulsion. He undertakes to show that we can get back to specie payments without any extraordinary disturbance of trade or industry or contracts. Whatever can be done ought to be done to make this clear, because Mr. Tilden is quite right in attaching great importance in all financial matters to the condition of the popular mind. Finance is really a department of psychology, though constantly treated as if it were a branch of mechanics. Now here is Mr. Tilden's plan:

"After eleven years of convulsion without a restoration of specie payments, it [the public temper] now claims a restoration of specie payments without a convulsion. The problem does not seem difficult. Resumption by the Government will accomplish completely resumption by the banks. The Treasury has only, by gradual and prudent measures, to provide for the payment of such portion of the outstanding Treasury notes as the public, not wishing to retain for use, will return upon it for redemption. The sum required in coin, if the preparations be wisely conducted so as to secure public confidence, will be what is necessary to replace the fractional currency and to supply such individuals as prefer coin to paper for their little stores of money; and also what is necessary to constitute a central reservoir of reserves against the fluctuations of international balances and for the banks. To amass a sufficient quantity by intercepting from the current of precious metals flowing out of this country, and by acquiring from the stocks which exist abroad, without disturbing the equilibrium of foreign money markets, is a result to be worked out by a study of all the conditions and the elements to fulfil those conditions, and by the execution of the plans adopted with practical skill and judgment. Redemption beyond this provision of coin can be effected as other business payments are effected—or in any method which converts investments without interest into investments upon interest, on terms the holders will accept—and by such measures as would keep the

aggregate amount of the currency self-adjusting during all the process, without creating at any time an artificial scarcity, and without exciting the public imagination with alarms which impair confidence, contract the whole large machinery of credit, and disturb the natural operations of business. The best resource for redemption is that furnished by public economies, for it creates no new charge upon the people; and a stronger public credit is certain to result from sounder finance, and will reduce the annual cost of the national debt."

It cannot be said that this is very clear. We have examined it closely, and cannot find in it anything definite enough for the public mind to take hold of and ponder, or anything on which it is possible for the friends of speedy resumption to rally. How is the Treasury to know how much of the outstanding Treasury notes the public, "not wishing to retain for use," will return upon it for redemption? If it does not know, or cannot approximate to it pretty closely, how is the Treasury to prepare for redemption "by gradual and prudent measures"? The theory of the greater number of intelligent resumptionists is that the Treasury must contract—that is, destroy on receiving them—a sufficient number of greenbacks to do away with the discount on them, or, in common parlance, to do away with the premium on gold. There is no escaping from this process. The Secretary may either destroy greenbacks which he receives in payment of Government dues or he may go into the market and procure greenbacks for destruction by selling gold, as he does now. The latter Mr. Tilden would doubtless call "redemption," and the former "contraction"; but they are essentially the same thing, and one or other is inevitable, and to the extent necessary to remove any profit in the exchange of legal tenders for coin. The reason is obvious. As long as the discount on paper exists, it is impossible to say how much gold would be necessary to enable the Government to resume and continue specie payments. The probabilities are that more would be necessary than it could possibly accumulate, or, at all events, accumulate without causing serious disturbance in the money markets of the world, because as soon as it was announced that the Government would begin to redeem on a certain day, the eagerness to save the discount on the greenbacks would be great enough to cause a run on the Treasury, and to throw the public mind into a condition of feverish excitement, and to throw the Treasury off its balance. Mr. Tilden talks of "such individuals as prefer coin to paper for their little stores of money," as if they were a small and insignificant body. They are a small and insignificant body when gold and paper are at par. Give them the right to save even five per cent. discount on their paper, and they would include everybody you meet in the street. There is, in short, only one indication to which the Treasury can trust in this matter, in trying to ascertain how much paper there is in excess of popular needs, and how much it must get out of the way before it can safely offer to redeem all Government notes on presentation, and that is the amount of the discount on greenbacks. This may not bear an accurate mathematical relation to the excess of paper now afloat, but it bears a sufficient relation for practical purposes. Let the Government either buy and destroy greenbacks or receive and destroy greenbacks until \$100 in legal tenders brings \$100 in gold in Wall Street, and it may then safely offer to pay gold to such individuals as prefer coin to paper for their little stores of money, for they are the only persons who will come to it.

Then, again, how much coin is "necessary to constitute a central reservoir of reserves against the fluctuations of international balances, and for the banks"? Does Mr. Tilden mean that the Government should undertake to form this reservoir, and if so, why? How does it come to be part of the duty of the Government to provide the means of settling international balances? Is not this the duty and business of bankers? What, too, is the method or measure "which would keep the aggregate amount of the currency self-adjusting" during the process of resumption? If Mr. Tilden himself knows of any such instrumentality, he ought to have described it in distinct terms. If he does not know of it, he ought not to impose the duty of providing it on the Government. It is safe to say that no such process has as yet been revealed in financial history. The aggregate amount of the currency is determined every-



where by its redeemability in coin and the exportability of the coin. There is no sign of the discovery of any other, except through the total cessation of international trade, and we regret to see vague intimations like this thrown out by prominent men that there is some agency within the reach of legislation by which the amount of money needed by the country can be fixed from time to time. It is these shadowy allusions which create the chimeras which the Kelleys, Butlers, and Phillipses go about preaching to the workingmen, and which are really, by their bad effects on the popular imagination, the greatest obstacles to a return to a sound currency.

#### THE TAXATION OF CHURCH PROPERTY.

THE most conclusive reply, considered from a merely controversial point of view, that has been made to General Grant's proposal to tax church property, is contained in the letters on the subject written by Tax-Commissioner Andrews, and now appearing in the *Times*. The President in his message announces the "accumulation of vast amounts of untaxed church property" as an evil that, "if permitted to continue, will probably lead to great trouble in our land before the close of the nineteenth century." He estimates the amount of this untaxed property to have been, in 1850, \$83,000,000; declares that in 1860 it had doubled; estimates the present amount at \$1,000,000,000, and predicts that by 1900 this property, "without check," will reach a sum "exceeding \$3,000,000,000"; and, solemnly assuring us that such accumulations will not be looked upon "acquiescently" by the taxpayers, but may lead to "sequestration through blood," advises the taxation of all property equally, "exempting only the last resting-place of the dead, and possibly, with proper restrictions, church edifices."

In reply to this gloomy warning Mr. Andrews shows, first, that New York (and there is no material difference of law on this subject throughout the country), defines "church property," which the President says is growing at such a fearful rate, as simply "every building for public worship"—in other words, the churches and meeting-houses—and "the several lots upon which such buildings are situated," and the "furniture" belonging to them. Secondly, as to his suggestion that the "last resting-place of the dead" be exempted, Mr. Andrews shows that cemeteries, at any rate many of the most important of them, lying near cities which prohibit burials within the municipal limits, are mere stock companies "earning and declaring dividends," and "just as fairly subject to taxation as a bank of discount." In the third place, Mr. Andrews shows very conclusively that the figures given by the President—except those taken from the census for past years—are mere guesswork. Any one who looks at them will see that the President assumes that because the value of church property doubled in ten years between 1850 and 1860, therefore it has done the same and much more ever since. On the same principle it can be shown that the population of any thriving village in the United States will, in a given number of years, equal that of New York. Finally, even admitting the President's wild figures, there would still be no danger of "sequestration through blood," for the simple reason that the whole vast \$3,000,000,000 would in 1900 not belong to one privileged church, but would be divided among forty or fifty, none of which could be united against the others in a communistic raid, except on grounds which would prove fatal to its own possessions, while no possible division of forces into the churches on one side and the taxpayers on the other is possible, since it is the taxpayers who compose the churches, and therefore any movement to "sequester through blood" would be a movement of property-owners to destroy their own property for their own benefit.

But though Mr. Andrews thus conclusively disposes of the President's feeble attempt to put forward a church policy, the facts and arguments which he has thus far adduced do not touch the general question of church exemption at all. The main, and indeed only, ground on which the exemption of church property from taxation in modern times can be made to rest is a moral one.

Church possessions stand, it is said, on a different footing from all other kinds of property from the fact that they are devoted to higher uses—to uses which it is peculiarly the interest of the state to foster. Differing as they all do from one another in points of creed and dogma, the churches are at one in their general aim of keeping alive and elevating the moral tone of the community, of setting before it lofty standards of purity, of right, and noble examples of self-devotion and sacrifice, and of applying to human action ethical sanctions of a higher order than those of the courts of justice or even of worldly opinion. Churches are, in fact, corporations which perform a very essential, difficult, and praiseworthy office, without pay or reward in this world. So meritorious and necessary has this service seemed to be in other countries that the state has taken the church under its protection in various ways. In this country, however, it has been left to take care of itself; it gets no state support, or countenance, or honor, and is left to struggle for existence as best it may. In a peculiarly commercial society like our own this places it at a positive disadvantage. Other "institutions" have for their support the universal desire of mankind to earn a livelihood and to save a competence. Law or medicine will never suffer for want of state support, simply because all people will pay lawyers to save their property from damage, or doctors to save their bodies from disease. The church, however, has no such motives to appeal to. It does not teach men to be economical, prudent, or thrifty; it teaches generosity, forgiveness, self-sacrifice, and a number of other virtues not at all calculated to help a man in "getting on" in the world. Is it fair to suppose that such an institution as this will pay its way, and are we not bound to do what we can for it by exempting it from the usual burdens of property? In other words, the church is an institution of the highest possible utility to the state, for its object and practice is to spread abroad voluntarily a love of truth, justice, and right, on which the well-being of the state depends. To foster such a public object as this by a small grant (for this is what an exemption amounts to) seems little enough.

If the modern church were what this argument represents it to be, there might be nothing to say in reply; but as it is, the advocate of the taxation of church property might fairly object, Your picture of the modern church is a fancy sketch. You have brought forward as a description of the existing church a collection of ideal views, which bear no resemblance to the reality. The modern church is no doubt, so far as the men who unselfishly devote their lives to it in the pulpit and in missions are concerned, an institution aiming at the noble object you mention; but so far as it consists of a number of associations with the right to take and own property, to sell pews, to buy organs, to hire ministers and organists, to erect costly buildings on expensive corner lots, it resolves itself into corporations of a purely business character, conducted on purely business principles. When we examine the reasons why in any thriving modern community a man owns a pew, or becomes a shareholder in a religious corporation, in nine cases out of ten it turns out to be that he expects to get back, in social consideration and other solid advantages, every cent that he puts into it. On Sundays, indeed, he and his family get returns for the investment a good deal like those which a club-man derives from his club on week-days. His church is to him a sort of Sunday club, out of which the family gets society, social consideration, some good music, and the "privileges of the house." The money which he and his friends put in, if spent in accordance with the principles which are preached from every pulpit every Sunday morning, would go first to the erection of a modest, unostentatious house of worship, which would be put up on a side street and not a "corner lot"; and, second, to bringing within the reach of the poor (i.e., the class especially in need of help and enlightenment) the benefits of religious and moral teaching. Instead of anything of the kind, the money goes first to the purchase of the most expensive lot that can be got for the money at command; second, to the erection of a gorgeous church a little bigger and higher than any put up before; third, to what we may call a band of music, a little more skil-

ful than any other in the neighborhood; and fourth, if possible, to the salary of a minister who will, by striking preaching, attract more money. Everything, from the corner-stone up, is based on money, and the result is, as we say, a Sunday club, from which those most in need of religious help are rigidly excluded; in other words, the main object of the state subsidy is wholly frustrated. It would only be a little step further if churches were carried on like a railroad or bank, with "puts" and "calls" on the stock sold in Wall Street, and an occasional "gobble" of one church by its wealthy neighbor further "up the avenue." Indeed, as a curious illustration of the effect of this business system on church morality and decency, take the story which has been recently published without contradiction in this city with regard to a well-known church that is practically bankrupt, that the stockholders, feeling that the church was "good" for the first mortgage, but for no more, were going to let the second mortgagees foreclose, so that the church might be "bought in" at the price of the first mortgage. The pastor himself is reported to have said coolly in an "interview" that the second mortgagees will have to be "left out in the cold," or, in other words, that the church will be reorganized as a broken-down railroad or an insolvent bank might be.

That there is a great deal of truth in this cannot be denied, and it all points necessarily to taxation of those branches of the church to which it applies. So long as the church was an organization which did a noble and necessary work, which nobody else would or could do, and among those who could not do it for themselves, there was the same (or a greater) reason for exempting it from taxation that there is still for exempting schools and colleges; but if, in certain quarters, as is the fact, the grant of the subsidy has simply resulted in the abandonment of this work, and the conversion of the church into a collection of Sunday clubs for wealthy people who manage them with an eye to the main chance, the reason for the grant, or the exemption, is so far gone. It is hardly necessary to say that the church organizations to which this applies are the wealthy churches of the cities. The country churches—or, in other words, the church at large—stand on a different footing. But the accumulations of property in the shape of churches in the cities are pretty sure to use the name of "church" as a cover to a good many social objects which are not elevated and have a distinct money value. There is still one church, it is true, which does keep up its proper work among the poor and unenlightened, and which is, if any church is, entitled to exemption on that ground. But, on the other hand, the Catholic Church in this country is, perhaps, in as little need of assistance from the state as any, for it has a firmer hold than any other on the affections, veneration, and superstition of its members. There is no church which is able to obtain more money than it, from both rich and poor. It is, indeed, now building in this city a cathedral far surpassing in expense any edifice for church purposes previously put up in this country. The effect of a tax on city church property hereafter acquired would, in the case of the Catholic Church, amount to little more than putting it on a level with the Protestants, while in the case of the latter it would simply be the withdrawal of a bonus to real estate and social speculations of a most demoralizing kind.

#### THE REVIVAL OF THE LIBERAL PARTY.

LONDON, December 20, 1875.

I MENTIONED to you last year that the leaders of the Liberal party in this country had opened a club in London which, in honor of the long connection of the House of Cavendish with their party, they called the Devonshire Club—the Duke of Devonshire being the head of the House of Cavendish, and his eldest son, the Marquis of Hartington, being the leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons. A friend has just shown me the rules of this successful institution, and it is somewhat curious to observe that the condition of membership, as laid down by these rules, has become the party watchword. "Those persons only are eligible for admission," the rule states, "who, entertaining liberal principles, recognize individual freedom of political opinion combined with unity in party action." The com-

position may not be Addisonian—one can hardly imagine Addison speaking of "entertaining a principle"—but the idea of Parliamentary Liberalism which the framers of the rule apparently intended to embody in grammatical English is tolerably clear. The idea has been expressed by Lord Hartington on three different public occasions—at Lewes last spring, at Bristol about six weeks ago, and at Sheffield last week. It comes to this, that the individuals composing the Liberal party in Parliament and in the constituencies may entertain any opinions in the direction of freedom which they like, and may express them freely, provided only that when they are called upon to vote, either in the House of Commons or in the constituencies, they sink their individual opinions in favor of the measure, or the candidate, which, or whom, the bulk of the Liberal party favor. This is the only creed by which the Liberal party can exist as half of the Government of the country. Lord Hartington has seen this early, and has lost no opportunity of giving articulate expression to it, and his propaganda has not been altogether fruitless. The gaps in the Liberal ranks are closing up both outside and inside Parliament. The sheep of the front Opposition bench who were left without a shepherd when Mr. Cardwell retired to the House of Lords, and Mr. Gladstone went forth like David with a sling and a stone to do battle with the huge Ultramontane Philistine, roamed aimlessly about the hillside, not knowing how to turn or where to find a bell-wether for their guide. But now they have found in Lord Hartington the animal they want, and one after the other they have given him their adhesion, and are browsing peaceably together and putting on a good consistent flesh, as well-disposed sheep ought to do. Mr. Forster, Mr. Stansfeld, and Mr. Goschen have all openly expressed their willingness to be led by him. Mr. Lowe probably liked him better than any one else from the beginning, except himself, and he knew that he himself was never possible. Sir William Harcourt may not quite like to see his own pretensions brushed aside; but his likings or dislikings in the matter are not of much political importance. And in the body of the House of Commons Lord Hartington's position is now well established. The speech which he made at the close of the session reviewing the proceedings of the Government, and his character for political frankness and consistent honesty, have told among all but the most factious of those who sit upon his side of the House. They know him to be a man of high honor, of good sense, and of an intellectual capacity quite as great as that of any other possible leader. They see that he is willing to sink his own natural tastes and predilections, which are not necessarily those of the politician, in the interest of the party, and to serve it by leading it, and by bringing all the great influence of his house and connection to bear upon and advance its welfare. Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Mundella, and Mr. Trevelyan may be regarded as the leading men of the Left Centre in the House of Commons—if, without leading to confusion, I may borrow a term from across the Channel. They were the chief supporters of Mr. Forster in the contest for the leadership of the Opposition last year. Indeed, unless I am mistaken, they constituted the triumvirate who conducted the negotiations on his behalf. The two first, in addressing their constituents recently, have openly and directly owned allegiance to Lord Hartington, and Mr. Trevelyan has indirectly done the same thing. Mr. Trevelyan is one of the best of the younger men in the House of Commons, and he has had the good luck, or the good sense, to be prominently identified with some of the most telling Liberal movements of the last ten years. A Radical Association starting in Manchester appointed Mr. Trevelyan their president. They held a meeting the other day which their president, owing to illness, was unable to attend. Their proceedings and speeches, in which they repudiated the leadership of Lord Hartington, were marked by such eccentricity that Mr. Trevelyan found himself compelled to write from his bed of sickness formally resigning his office of president. He has recently, before his illness, been occupied in bringing out a life of his uncle, Lord Macaulay, and this work has to some extent detached him from politics; but from the action which he has taken in the matter of the Manchester association it may fairly be conjectured that when he returns to his political duties he will be as loyal to Lord Hartington's leadership as he has always been to the party which Lord Hartington leads.

The moderate Liberals, therefore, and the Left Centre inside the House of Commons, having accepted Lord Hartington, who, you may ask, are those who refuse such obedience as a Liberal Opposition yields to any leader? They may be divided into three classes—Irish Home-Rulers, Irreconcilables, and Fanatics. The Home-Rulers represent only themselves, and any small influence which they might have had during the last days of Mr. Gladstone's administration is practically gone. Mr. Disraeli is independent of their support, and openly—almost ostentatiously—disregards them. Lord Hartington has told them that the Liberal party will never coun-



tenance their policy, and his words have been endorsed by every man of sense on this side of the Irish Channel, and by most men of sense upon their own side. Even the Radical Association at Manchester declined to buy their support at the price of the disintegration of the Empire. The game, in short, is played out, and before the Irish members can be successfully troublesome to either the present or to any future administration they must originate a policy which commends itself to the practical intelligence of the ordinary Briton.

The Irreconcilables are not numerous, neither are they influential. There always will be some of them in every Parliament, and they must be considered in estimating the available forces of the Liberal party. They generally vote with them, and thus help them when in Opposition; but when the party is in power they are a source of embarrassment rather than of strength. The Fanatics are even fewer than the Irreconcilables. Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Plimsoll I should put in this class, and perhaps Mr. Jenkins—a gentleman who holds some office connected with Canada—and the distinction I should draw between them is this: that the two former are objectively fanatical for the advancement of a moral principle, or the welfare of a class, while the fanaticism of the latter inclines rather to the side of subjectivity.

If inside the House of Commons the doctrine of individual liberty combined with unity in party action is gaining converts, it appears also, from such sources as are available, that outside in the constituencies it is also making way. You may divide the great Liberal party into five, ten, or twenty sections. For convenience, I would here limit the division to five: Moderate Liberals (including the Whigs), Radicals, Workingmen, Permissive-Bill men, and Scotch farmers. In the constituencies, the first three are pulling fairly well together, while the two last are fighting for their own hands. In the municipal elections the Liberals have had marked successes, and although too much importance must not be attached to this, it shows at least that the three principal sections of the party have not been, thus far, at each other's throats. A seat which seemed hopelessly lost at the general election has just been gained after a keen contest, and one or two seats which are at present vacant are not unlikely to be successfully contested—one of them by a workingman's candidate. In a Scotch constituency a Moderate Liberal, connected by birth with some of the leading Whig families, withdrew in favor of a tenant-farmer for fear of dividing the party and endangering the seat, thus setting an example of loyalty and discipline which can hardly fail to be beneficial to his party. These are all indications of a reviving sense of stability in the party, and are pointed to by the party managers with something which might almost be considered pride. But the best, or worst, sign of returning vitality is the alarm which the Conservative press is showing at these Liberal manifestations. Whatever be in the future, the people who work the Conservative oracle are determined that it shall not be their fault if the Conservative organizations become indolent and supine while the Liberals are up and doing.

#### GERMAN CONSTITUTIONALISM ON TRIAL.

GERMANY, December 20, 1875.

THE rupture between Bismarck and the National Liberals, with the prediction of which we have been bored every day these last three or four months, has yet to take place. Bismarck is meek as he has never been before, and if his passion gets the better of him and he turns to the pouting-corner with his old threat—they may see how the play will go on without him—he is at once coaxed to face about, and the end of the quarrel is sure to be: "It was not meant so at all." A rupture is, for the present, very unlikely, for the simple reason that the party of the *juste milieu* are pretty sure of holding their own for some time to come, and Bismarck is anything but eager to face once more a majority on the opposition benches. Of all the other parties only the Ultramontanes could possibly secure a relative majority of the seats in the Reichstag if they had the support of the Government, and to suppose that Bismarck could ever for a single moment entertain the thought of "going to Canossa," is absurd. The "Conservatives" are only in a limited sense entitled to the name of a party, for they are not backed by an independent public opinion. The seats they hold they owe to local influences in districts where with the mass of the people not only the political judgment but also the political instinct is weighed down by feudal traditions. Finally, a league between the *Fortschrittspartei* and the Government is evidently out of the question, as the *Fortschrittspartei* is in fact only the extreme left wing of the National Liberals. The threatened crisis, so far as a rupture between the Government and the actual majority in the Reichstag is meant by it, is, therefore, undoubtedly

chimerical. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that, though both parties are fully aware what extreme folly it would be to break their alliance, yet both have become more sensitive to the pressure of the ties by which they are indissolubly bound together. Bismarck wished to find the majority more pliant, and he has plainly intimated that he hopes to see his expectations gratified at the next election. The Liberals are confident that he will be deceived in this, and it is certainly to be wished that it may be so. A majority still more yielding than the present one would be a worse than useless chorus, granting everything before they even properly know what they are to be asked for. If the six "political paragraphs" of the 'Novelle' to the Penal Law had been passed, almost the entire nation would have felt as if it was hardly worth while to have a Reichstag. What limits would there have been to obsequiousness after such proposals had been consented to? Bismarck affects to believe that the Reichstag has not truly represented public opinion in this respect, and now all the papers influenced by the Government are repeating the insolent assertion day after day. It is hardly credible that the first official of the Empire can, to such an extent, be misinformed about public opinion. The truth is that the mere proposing of these paragraphs has been felt as a deep insult and as a grave sign that we have not yet seen the last of the fight for the fundamental principles of constitutional liberty. All the six paragraphs affect the liberty of the tongue and of the pen. It is said that they were considered necessary to shield not only the state, but even society itself, against the dangers from which they are beset by Ultramontanism and socialism. If that be true, then the people think better of themselves than the Government does. The people do not think any gag-laws necessary to save them from being swallowed up by either the Black or the Red Sea. They are fully satisfied to rely for their salvation on the power of enlightenment, and they are convinced that in our day no one can be enlightened who is forbidden to speak out his own opinion: in other words, that there are no better means than gag-laws to make all the Blacks and all the Reds genuine fanatics. But this is not all; they take still higher ground. If there is any fundamental tenet of constitutional liberty which we can boast of having already *in succo et sanguine*, it is the conviction that there can be no liberty where the law does not reign. Now, the text of these paragraphs had hardly been published when they were known all over the country by the name of the "india-rubber paragraphs." If they had become law there would have been no law, for that is no law which at the same time means everything and nothing. The accused would not have been judged according to the law, but according to the individual opinions of the individual judge on certain political and social questions. Nobody could have possibly been a gainer; everybody would have necessarily been a heavy loser—the accused, judges, Government, and the people at large. We could not afford to have such a poison dropped into our young political life, not even for the sake of keeping Bismarck at the helm.

The Government organs affect great astonishment that the question is still discussed with a certain animus, though the Bundesrath and Bismarck have kept strictly within the constitutional limits. This is true. They have submitted to their defeat, Bismarck only indulging in a broad hint that they might try whether they would have better luck the next time. That may be very unwise, but it certainly is not unconstitutional. We must, however, beg his defenders to excuse us if we are able to see a little further than the end of our noses. There was another disagreement between the Bundesrath and the Reichstag about the proper way for providing for the necessary expenses of the Empire. In this case Bismarck submitted to his defeat, so far as the form is concerned, with still better grace. He commenced his speech with the solemn declaration that the Bundesrath had never entertained the thought of laying hands on the constitutional privileges of the Reichstag; if they refused their assent to the propositions of the Bundesrath, upon them the responsibility would rest, but their decision would of course be final. The semi-official papers have been very indignant that this declaration has been received with astonishingly little "gratitude" by the Liberal press, and even a paper like the *Cologne Gazette* gravely denies the truth of the charge. Now, it seems to me that our constitutionalism would be a rather strange thing if we owed "gratitude" to the Chancellor for assuring us that a most flagrant breach of the constitution is not meditated by the Bundesrath. And yet it is true that there are a great many people who think the "charge" well-founded.

The other day I heard two well-known generals declare with great emphasis that, if Bismarck were no longer backed by the "iron will" of the Emperor, he would at once be "absolutely nothing." Though this is putting the case somewhat too strongly, there is still a good deal of truth in it; but whether it is a thing to be proud of is another question. If in the German people the monarchical spirit is developed to such a degree that a

man of the genius and of the achievements of Bismarck becomes next to nothing as soon as the Emperor conceives a dislike to him, then it goes beyond the limit where it is necessarily an element of national strength, and it may easily become a source of national weakness. I believe it does go with us beyond the proper limit, though I am satisfied that it is far from being so strong as some people imagine, because they unconsciously apply to Germany what is true only of Prussia. Backed by King William, *Herr von Bismarck* was able to come out as the victor in the conflict with the Prussian Landtag, though he handled the constitution of the country with fearful recklessness. Whether *Prince Bismarck*, backed by Emperor William, would be victorious if he dared to make the experiment of a similar conflict with the Reichstag and Germany, is at least very doubtful. In the debate on the ways and means, he warned the Reichstag not to forget how young the Empire was; a pressure which it would easily stand ten or twenty years hence might be too great now. The remark was made principally with a view to the governments of the different states, but it certainly applies just as much to the people of the different states, and I trust Bismarck is too much of a real statesman not to be aware of that. This is our best safeguard against a repetition of the "conflict-tragedy," and we do not doubt that it will prove to be strong enough.

#### PICOT'S CORNELIAN BIBLIOGRAPHY.

PARIS, December 4, 1875.

IS the taste which is known under the name of bibliophilism a sign of decadence or not? I confess that many good reasons might be given in favor of the affirmative. It is perhaps only when the creative genius is exhausted that men begin to be devotees of this new religion of the past which consists in the careful collection of the finest and rarest books. I have often been struck to find in the libraries of our best writers the cheapest and commonest editions of the great writers; but it may be only that these writers are poor, and cannot compete with our great bibliophiles. The greatest collector of the present time in France is a young gentleman who belongs to the family of the Rothschilds, and who may be said to have an unlimited supply of money. He has devoted himself to collecting the original editions of our great classics, and the gentleman who helps him in this useful work, M. Picot, has already published two great works on Racine and on Corneille. The 'Cornelian Bibliography' which has just appeared may be considered as the type of a new class of publications, which may be styled "books upon books." There was a time when Taschereau could find on the quays of our Seine the original copies of the tragedies of Corneille for five francs—when Cousin bought the collection of all these original plays for one hundred and sixty francs; now, an original piece of Corneille's is the *rara avis* which is only discovered at long intervals, and the collection of them can be found in but very few libraries, as it is equivalent to a small fortune.

Corneille, who may be called the tragedian *par excellence*, did not at first understand his own genius; he began to write comedies, and, it must be confessed, very poor comedies. Such pieces as 'Mélite,' 'Clitandre,' 'L'Innocence déliée,' 'La Veuve, ou le Traître trahi,' 'La Galerie du Palais, ou l'Amie rivale,' 'La Suivante,' 'La Place Royale, ou l'Amoureux extravagant,' can only be looked upon as the first mistakes of a great man. These pieces appeared between 1633 and 1639. Corneille revealed himself in the tragedy of 'Medea,' and soon afterwards in the famous 'Cid.' The 'Cid' was first represented in the year 1636, and was only published a year afterwards. It is rather strange that it was at the instigation of a bishop—the Bishop of Châlons—that Corneille abandoned the imitation of Seneca, whom he had followed in the 'Medea,' and followed the inspirations of the Spaniards, of Guillem de Castro, of the Romanceros of the 'Cid.' The success of the 'Cid' was prodigious. Pellisson says, in his 'History of the French Academy': "People were not tired of hearing it; one heard of nothing else in good society—everybody wanted to know it by heart. Children learned it, and in many parts of France it became proverbial to say: 'It is as fine as the 'Cid'!' There is no doubt that Anne of Austria was much flattered on seeing the Spanish heroes brought on the French stage, and her protection was more powerful than the enmity of the great Richelieu. The quarrel of the 'Cid,' in which Scudéri took part, seemed like the literary counterpart of the Fronde. Real genius will always assert its right, and Richelieu, who could cut off the heads of the first noblemen in France, could not pluck a leaf from the laurel crown of the timid and modest Corneille.

It is always interesting to follow the history of some work of art. The eighteenth century was not in a Cornelian or heroic mood; the 'Cid' was neglected till the First Napoleon revived it. Talma gave new life to it,

and in our time Rachel did her best to give to the world a true *Chimène*. The piece had two hundred and forty-two representations from 1680 to 1715, during the difficult period when France carried on war with all Europe; it was played one hundred and ninety times from 1799 to 1814. Since then it has never been completely neglected, but it can only be acted when a real tragedian can be found.

The animosity of Corneille's enemies seems to have cowed him for a time, though public opinion was with him. He was on the point of abandoning the stage. "He writes nothing," says Chapelain in a letter which Sainte-Beuve had long in his possession, and has left to our National Library. "and Scudéri has gained this, at least, by his quarrels—he has disgusted him with the stage and has stopped his voice. I have, as much as in my power, warmed him and encouraged him to avenge himself on Scudéri and on his protectress by making soon a new 'Cid.'" I do not understand the allusion made to Anne of Austria; this passage of a letter from Chapelain to Balzac seems to prove that her protection was far from useful to Corneille. Corneille may have had some personal reasons for abandoning the Spanish legends and for returning to the classic Romans. 'Horatius' came out in 1640; it was played on the first night before Richelieu. It was played as many as six hundred and twenty-four times during the reign of Louis XIV. It has been said that the following tragedy, 'Cinna,' was inspired by a desire to preach pardon and generosity to the great Cardinal. 'Cinna' came out a little after 'Horatius.' The fashion was still to play tragedy in the costume of the time. Just fancy Augustus dressed as a courtier, with silk ribbons, lace, and a long sword. The women wore high heels and a long train, and had their hair high on the head, adorned with pearls and lace. Under Louis XIV. 'Cinna' was only played one hundred and thirty-nine times in Paris and twenty-seven times at court. It became afterwards the favorite piece of Napoleon I., though he was little inclined to follow the example of Augustus's generosity towards conspirators. The best criticism on 'Cinna' was made by the great Condé. In the famous scene where Augustus reminds Cinna of all that he has done for him before reproaching him with his treason, when Augustus says to Cinna that he would be nothing if the Emperor had not covered him with honors:

"Ta fortune est bien haute; tu peux ce que tu veux;  
Mais tu ferais pitié même à ceux qu'elle irrite  
Si je t'abandonnais à ton peu de mérite"—

here Condé loudly exclaimed: "Voilà qui me gêne le 'Soyons amis, Cinna.'"

The mind of Corneille was eminently heroic and religious. It is well known that he applied his great genius to the translation in verse of the 'Imitation of Christ'—that admirable book in which the true Christian spirit breathes on every page, and which will go down to all future ages wrapped in a poetic mystery. He had abandoned, perhaps with reluctance, the Spanish heroes who fought with Islam under the sign of the cross. After the fashion of his age, he lived chiefly with the ancients; but he soon found in Roman history an episode in which he could show his Christian feelings. 'Polyeucte' is perhaps the highest expression of his genius. What could be more tempting to his mind than to represent a Roman warrior who, touched by the divine grace, becomes a martyr of the new faith? The religious dramas called the 'Mystères' had long disappeared from the French stage. They had never been the amusement of the higher class of society. Victor Hugo has well painted, in his 'Notre Dame de Paris,' the class of writers of mysteries in the person of Gringoire, and the prejudices which used to crowd round the representations of the Passion, as the peasants of Bavaria still do in our time in the Oberammergau. It was a bold enterprise to revive the religious drama, but Corneille succeeded in it, and 'Polyeucte' was as successful as the 'Cid.' The piece had first been read at the famous Hôtel de Rambouillet, before the "Précieuses," and had been coldly received. It was played in 1640, and was warmly applauded. The part of *Pauline* is considered the most difficult in the French repertoire. Mademoiselle Rachel was afraid of it, though she played it very well. When she knelt down and said, "Je suis chrétienne," she had the real appearance of a martyr, and it was impossible not to remember that she belonged, as a Jewess, to the race which is characterized by the deepest religious feeling. There was no impropriety in her saying "I am a Christian." What she really meant was the assertion of monotheism in the face of the pagan polytheism; and the Semitic race has always been the exponent of the monotheistic idea. *Pauline* became in the end the favorite part of Rachel. She played it on the eve of the day when she was forced to leave the Théâtre Français.



I will not dilate long on the other pieces of Corneille. 'La Mort de Pompée,' the subject of which was taken from Lucan, the favorite author of the great dramatist, was followed by a comedy which has remained one of the best of the French stage, 'Le Menteur.' It is even now constantly played at our great national theatre, and it is not too *démodé*, as the French say. There is a wonderful animation in it; the liar is made almost interesting; he does not lie from any base motive; he is the victim and slave of his own imagination, and he deceives himself more than he does the others. He is the true French or Gascon liar, a character which could hardly be well understood in an Anglo-Saxon country, where a lie is always supposed to have a base and almost a criminal object. Balzac, in the true bombastic style of the 'Menteur,' wrote to Corneille after the representation: "You will be Aristophanes whenever you choose, as you are already Sophocles."

The 'Suite du Menteur' has no connection with the 'Menteur,' as the title would seem to show. It is taken from a piece of Lope de Vega's, "Amar sin saber a quien." It did not succeed, notwithstanding the efforts of a famous actor of the time. Corneille always maintained that his tragedy of 'Rodogune, Princesse de Parthes,' was the best he ever wrote. This judgment is almost correct if you only read the fifth act, which is a real masterpiece; but you can only arrive at it through four acts which are extremely tedious and bombastic. We never know ourselves, and there is hardly an author who has not some preference for that part of his works which has received the slightest encouragement from the public, in the same way that tender parents fondle sick or ugly children who have not much to receive from the world. "I have never dared to declare," writes Corneille, "all the tenderness I have for this piece. . . . This preference was perhaps in me the effect of one of those blind preferences which many fathers have for some of their children."

I will only mention 'Théodore, vierge et martyr,' which indicates the return of Corneille to his favorite subject; 'Héraclius, empereur d'Orient'; 'Andromède'; 'Don Sanche d'Aragon,' a distant echo of the 'Cid'; 'Nicomède'; 'Pertharite, roi des Lombards'; 'Œdipe,' a subject taken from Sophocles and Seneca. The genius of Corneille was on the wane, and the failure of 'Pertharite' determined him to spend most of his time in the translation of the 'Imitation of Christ.' 'Œdipe,' however, was very well received, and Loret, in his amusing 'Muse historique,' speaking of the 'Précieuses ridicules' of Molière, which had appeared at the same time, says that this comedy drew as many people as—

"L'Œdipe de Corneille  
Que l'on tient être une merveille."

Then came new failures—the 'Toison d'Or,' 'Sertorius,' 'Sophonisbe,' 'Othon,' 'Agésilas,' 'Attila.' Everybody knows the cruel satire which was launched at the time:

"Après l'Agésilas  
Hélas!  
Mais après l'Attila  
Holà!"

Corneille did not say "holà" in time to the dramatic muse; he still wrote 'Tite et Bérénice,' 'Pulchérie,' and 'Suréna.' M. Picot's book will be found invaluable by all bibliophiles; he gives most accurate descriptions of all the editions of the plays of Corneille, separate or collected, as well as of the editions of the 'Imitation of Christ,' and there will also be found in it a complete catalogue of all the books concerning Corneille and his writings. In fact, it is the most complete literary monograph of the kind that has ever been published; and it may be pronounced to be a final work, to which there is nothing to add.

## Correspondence.

### MR. SAINTSBURY AND THE "NEO-PAGANS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has been called to an editorial note in the *Nation* of Dec. 2, which deals at some length with my critical character. I have neither the right nor the intention to quarrel with the *Nation's* estimate of the tone, style, or literary value (actual or probable, positive or comparative) of my work. But I believe that an author has a recognized right of appeal when, as is the case in your note, he is made responsible for the real or supposed opinions of others, and when the moral tendency of his writings is impugned. Your criticism is, as I understand it, directed not so much against anything which I have written as against the supposed opinions and tendencies of a certain "sect" or "school" to which you assume that I belong, and to which you give the name of "the Neo-Pagans." Now, whether this

sect exists or not I cannot say, but I can and do most emphatically deny that I belong to any such sect. My opinions (were they of any importance) on politics, religion, and all kindred subjects happen to be of a strongly conservative character, and I have never felt the least inclination to earn either the glory or the obloquy which attaches to innovation in such matters.

I am afraid that the article on Baudelaire which served as text to your remarks must have deserved much heavier criticism than you have meted out to it if I failed therein to make clear from what point of view and how far I approved of that much-reviled writer. I can assure you that it is from no childish pleasure in flourishing "a tardy discovery that morality is not the all-in-all of literature" that that article was written. Ever since, as a boy, I first began to read critically, it has been my one principle never to allow myself to be influenced in judging literary merits by any characteristic of subject-matter whatever. The morality of a writer's opinions is just as much and just as little of an attraction to me as their immorality. The first question I ask is: Is this good work? and if I can conscientiously answer this in the affirmative, it does not matter to me whether the writer's subject is attractive or repulsive, whether his opinions coincide with my own or differ from them. There are, no doubt, divisions and departments of criticism which deal with such matters, but in those departments I hold no office. Had Baudelaire consulted me as to the intrinsic excellence of such a subject as 'Delphine and Hippolyte,' I should have advised him very strongly not to touch pitch. Had Mr. Swinburne asked my advice beforehand about the subjects of certain poems in 'Songs before Sunrise,' I should have said that, to me as a conservative and a churchman, republicanism and anti-Christianism were abhorrent. But the poems once written, I have to judge them as poems first; and if they pass that examination, I hold that enquiry quite subject, and sentiment is barred.

You may say, as I have heard it said, that there is something *louche* about this tolerance, and that it seems to direct itself in a one-sided manner. I reply that I cannot help that. It may be and is a distressing fact that the devil should have all the best tunes; but it is no use trying to meet that fact by denying that the tunes are good. And, moreover, though my critical utterances have not been very loud or numerous, I think I can justify myself by my works. I have in the *Academy* praised Bryant as well as Whitman, and (though this will perhaps be little recommendation to you, sir) I have praised the latter in spite of the fact that if there is one thing in the world which is distasteful to me it is democracy. If I am asked why I select such a notorious writer as Baudelaire for special praise, I can reply that I did so with an honest conviction that he had been hardly used, and an honest belief that his literary peculiarities (for which alone I value him) are to be specially studied in these days of hurried work and over-estimate for facts. The conviction and the belief may be mistaken, but they are honestly held, and with no *arrière pensée*. With apologies for the length of this letter,

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

ELGIN, December 22, 1875.

## Notes.

THE Congregational Society, Boston, have published a revised edition of Mr. Edward Buck's 'Ecclesiastical Law,' an excellent work, both useful and entertaining, which first appeared in 1865. Besides insertions and alterations in the foot-notes, a chapter has been added to the appendix which gives a wider value to the treatise. It shows how religious societies in the several States are legally organized and incorporated. Mr. Buck has departed, we think, from his usual accuracy in the new part of the note on p. 230, where he says the Rev. F. E. Abbot was silenced by injunction "for preaching *atheism*."—The long-established firm of Lee & Walker, music publishers, has been bought out by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, and will be succeeded by J. E. Ditson & Co. as the Philadelphia branch of the latter house.—The January issue of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* is illustrated by a steel engraving of the late Senator Buckingham, of Connecticut, for which President Porter furnishes the accompanying memoir. From much that is interesting in the contents we single out "Papers relating to the Acadians," in which John Hancock figures; a list of portraits and busts in possession of the American Antiquarian Society and other associations in Worcester; and the first of a series of lists of passengers to America in the last century.—A tiny animal, which has been variously called the "Long-legged Mouse of Hud-

son's Bay," the "Labrador Rat," the "Canada Jerbooid Rat," and the "Jumping Mouse of Canada," has just been described by Dr. Elliott Coues, U.S.A., under the name of *Zapus Hudsonius* (Bulletin U. S. Geological and Geographical Survey). The same author discusses (*ibid.*) the breeding-habits, nest, and eggs of the white-tailed ptarmigan, whose eggs seem to have been a test of color-blindness in naturalists, having been described as "light bluish-brown," "chocolate-colored," and "rich creamy drab." Dr. Coues, having "the advantage of the opinion of an expert colorist," calls them a "dull cream-color."—It is proposed to make a complete collection of works issued by the officers and alumni of Yale, to form part, first, of the American educational department at the Exposition, and finally of the Yale Library in an "Alumni Alcove." Books, pamphlets, etc., should be sent at once to Mr. B. G. Northrop, New Haven.

—A correspondent informs us that the term "sound-shunting," the invention of which we lately ascribed to Mr. H. H. Bancroft, is to be found on p. 3 of Earle's 'Philology of the English Tongue.' We presume he refers to the first edition; in the second (p. 4), Mr. Earle translates *Lautverschiebung* by "Consonantal Transition."—From Westermann & Co. we have received the *Almanach de Gotha* for 1876. Numerous changes and fresh features are pointed out in the preface, some tending to make the *Almanach* more and more the "livre d'or de la plus haute aristocratie de l'Europe," others increasing the already great value of the work for its statistical information. Three new articles are devoted to the military establishments of France, Italy, and Russia. The portraits are of Rodolphe, Prince Imperial of Austria; Elizabeth, Princess of Prussia; Alfonso of Spain; and Delbrück, President of the German Cabinet.

—The following comes to us from New Haven, under date of January 10: "The correspondent who asks, in your last number, for information concerning the Japanese novel 'Riu-Tei,' will find in the 'Journal of the American Oriental Society,' Vol. II., an 'Account of a Japanese Romance,' by William W. Turner, which, as the title implies, is not a translation, but an outline of the plot, based on Pfizmaier's German translation, published in Vienna in 1847. This same novel, translated into Italian by Severini in 1872, has been more recently translated into French by Turretini, and published under the title 'Komats et Sakitsi,' with the Japanese text, at Geneva in 1874."

—In a pamphlet of about ninety pages, entitled 'The Review of General Sherman's Memoirs Examined' (Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.), Col. C. W. Moulton reviews Boynton's attack upon 'General Sherman's Memoirs,' bringing out new documentary evidence in support of the General's accuracy and fairness. The positions taken in the review of Boynton's book which appeared in these columns some weeks since are all strengthened, and on some points not noticed by us the unreliability of Boynton's criticisms of Sherman is very strongly proved. This is very notably the case in the matter of the alleged usurpation of authority over the War Department and the Staff Bureaus in Washington. Col. Moulton clearly shows by documents from General Grant's own pen that the policy of making the Staff Corps in Washington report to the General of the Army was Grant's before it was Sherman's, and that the latter attempted to carry it out in accordance with the President's order. After a time the Secretary of War, General Rawlins, became dissatisfied, and his influence with the President was sufficient to obtain a revocation of the order which Grant as General had considered necessary to a proper army administration. On several other topics new light is thrown, and this rejoinder by one who has had access to important public and private documents bearing on the discussion will well repay perusal.

—*Lippincott's* for January is noticeably thin in quality. It opens with a feeble and superficial paper on the general progress of the century 1776-1876, the first of a series which will doubtless grow more satisfactory as it goes on, for it promises to be in the end "a complete history of the Exposition," profusely illustrated. Of the other contributed articles, that by Robert Wilson, called "At the Old Plantation," seems to us to have the best excuse for being. It describes the scenery and population and still shiftless management of a low-country plantation in South Carolina at the present time, and is altogether agreeable reading, apparently true to life and devoid of exaggeration. A little-known country, which nature and Catholicism have kept out of the current of modern progress, is exposed, professedly by a native, in a private letter on "Famishing Portugal." The famine caused by last summer's drought gives the writer occasion to show why famines are possible in his country, and he reviews its history to an extent which will interest those who share the prevailing ignorance about it. He lays special stress, perhaps too exclusively, on the evils of the Greek-inherited land tenure known as *emphyteusis*—"the rent-

ing of land upon condition to improve it," as Anthony Transtano defines it in his Dictionary, published in 1773 while Pombal was still in power and engaged in executing his beneficent reforms. What followed that eminent statesman's dismissal, four years later, was a revival of all the old abuses of the system, which was not abolished till 1832. Its effects, as may be supposed, still linger, and, for one thing, the wine crop is cultivated at the expense of the cereals. "The utmost area of land which the average Portuguese peasant can cultivate is two and a half acres." "To-day there is scarcely a tree in Portugal—the woods, including fruit and nut trees, covering less than 400,000 out of 22,000,000 acres, the entire area of the country." "The population of Portugal has not increased during a hundred years." "The crimes of feticide and infanticide have become so common that there is scarcely a peasant-woman in Portugal not guilty of them, either as principal or accessory. Illegitimacy is more common than in any country in Europe. . . . One-eighth of all the reported births in the kingdom become foundlings." Such are some of the dark traits of the picture drawn with an unwilling hand by the writer of the letter in *Lippincott's*.

—For a long time it has been considered by a certain number of English critics that they themselves were the only persons who knew anything about American poetry, and they have looked with contempt on the opinions on the subject held by the literary and cultivated people of this country. From the fact that America is in many respects different from Europe, they held that any poetry produced within its boundaries must be *in toto* different from any poetry produced on the other side of the water, and it was by *à-priori* reasoning of this sort that Walt Whitman was taken up and more highly lauded in foreign parts than he ever has been in his native land. We are told that it is owing to our prejudice, jealousy, or crass ignorance that "the greatest of American voices," as Mr. Swinburne calls him, is listened to with so little patience in the country which has given him birth. In the face of Emerson, Lowell, and Hawthorne, we are told that Whitman's 'Blades of Grass' is "a book the most unquestionable in originality" that America has ever produced. If we object to its incredible grossness we are accused of "unphilosophical hubbub." Whitman is held up for admiration as the most truly representative poet of America, as well as the greatest, and if we object to this adulation, and assert for others, whom we respect more heartily, that they are as truly representative of our literature, we are told that he alone has quite the flavor of the soil, and that we only attempt to disown him because he is our *enfant terrible*, who shows us up in our native coarseness. By an error, which would be only confirmed by reading his so-called poems, it seems to have been thought that he belonged to the antipodes of the critics' fellow-countrymen, and consequently that all laws were reversed, and all that poets had been in the habit of regarding as essential for their work was considered as ridiculous aping of their betters on the part of American verse-writers, while its absence made Whitman a genuine poet of democracy. Englishmen of very fine tastes and modes of thought are remarkably harmonious about this question. Professor Dowden is sure that Whitman is a great poet. Mr. W. M. Rossetti, who keeps better company in a literary way than a strict competitive examination of his abilities would seem to warrant, follows his great hero, Mr. A. C. Swinburne, in expressing raptures over our one poet; Mr. George Saintsbury, a frequent writer in the *Academy*, who is also a very warm admirer of Mr. Swinburne, has expressed a similar opinion; and Mr. Robert Buchanan, who is no admirer of Swinburne, agrees with him to the extent of praising Walt Whitman. These are the most enthusiastic of the leaders of public opinion who have handed in their assent to the new doctrines of the inspired singer. Mr. M. D. Conway is the solitary American who, wiser than his fellow-countrymen, has had his eyes opened and his mind enlarged by foreign travel, and has learned who is our one great poet. This small but influential band of critics have had it all their own way for some time, and bid fair, by perpetual laudation of a writer whom most people found themselves unable to read, to persuade us that they were right. We were, therefore, glad to see, in the December number of the *Contemporary Review*, a most earnest and vigorous denunciation of our prosaic bard, and of those writers who have tried to foist him upon the world at large. The best thing our readers can do is to turn to the article itself, for our space does not admit of extracts long enough to do the author justice. Mr. Bayne does not wheedle his readers into agreeing with him, and he is very outspoken about his likes and dislikes; but he blows a blast which is very serviceable at the present time, when the effort of many who consider themselves the most cultivated is towards the praise of what is really most corrupt and demoralizing. He overlooks in his wrath many of the less faulty passages of Whitman, where the poetical feeling, which he undoubtedly here is not diluted



by his wild and barbaric fervor of expression, and hence this article is not the last word of criticism; but there is more involved in the discussion than the worth of Whitman's rhymeless, awkward, formless lines: there is the question of the value of other poetry, which respects human nature, which sets honor, beauty, and grace above repulsive egotism; and it is in its bearing on this more important subject that Mr. Bayne's essay best deserves attention. We are grateful to him for his manly defence of good letters and good manners.

—We can truly say that we never expected to be let into the confidence of the (Washington) *National Republican*, least of all a confidence from which its own readers were carefully excluded. We read in its issue of Jan. 3, under the head of New Year "Receptions by Citizens," how Mrs. M. C. R., assisted by her daughter and a bevy of ladies whose toilets are elaborately described, and "who have graced the courts of the Old World," "dispensed the choicest hospitality to a host of admiring friends"; how Mrs. E. J., whose "pleasant and unaffected manner rendered her cozy house a favorite rendezvous with the pleasant people in society," together with her "young and pretty daughter," who "won many encomiums for her rare entertaining powers, and succeeded in impressing all who called most favorably," were both "attired with exquisite taste"; how Mrs. H. J. C., arrayed in an "exceedingly beautiful costume of pink silk," assisted by "her Parisian friend," Miss P., who "looked like the model of elegance in white silk," received in "the C— mansion," of which, "did space permit, we would mention a few distinguishing features," "but will merely add that its massive and richly-carved mantels, its stained-glass windows, and its interior decorations, reflect the fine artistic taste of the charming lady who resides therein"; how the Misses E. held "one of the most popular receptions of the day," presided over by "Miss Mollie, who is a brunette of the most perfect type," and "Miss Fannie, who rivals her sister in beauty and graceful manners," and their friend Miss Christina, "a handsome blonde." We read, we say, all these fascinating details of loveliness (there were nearly three columns of them), and we ought to have supposed that they had been procured by the diligence of the "gentlemen connected with the office," and were their reports, indeed, as stated—the result of "two hundred and ninety-six calls." We ought also to have accepted sincerely the editor's apology for possible "errors made in the description of dresses," since "it must be remembered that we are not over-educated in that matter, but done (*sic*) the best we could." But we belong to the privileged few who were permitted to receive the Administration organ's "Complimentary Salutations of the Season"—a neatly-printed circular, dated Jan. 1, 1876, backed by the cards of the editorial corps, and conveying the following interesting communication:

"[CONFIDENTIAL.]

"Of your reception to-day we should be pleased to receive before ten o'clock Sunday night, by messenger, these items of information: description of reception costumes worn by yourself and assistants, the names of the more prominent persons received, etc. It is simply impossible for us to visit all our friends, and this is the only practical method of filling a wish to have their receptions properly noticed."

—The death is announced of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, in Boston, on the 9th inst. He was born in that city in 1801, and graduated at Brown University in 1821, when his medical studies began. He was interrupted in these by the breaking out of the Greek Revolution, and in 1824 crossed the ocean and joined the Greek forces as a volunteer combatant. Afterwards his professional services were more in request, both on land and with the fleet. Pending the conflict he returned to the United States, and traversing the country raised a large amount of money and material supplies, with which he returned to Greece. In 1867, during the Cretan revolt, he again went to Greece with aid and comfort for the insurgents; but it may reasonably be doubted whether his well-meant efforts to arouse American sympathy on this occasion had any other effect than to prolong a hopeless struggle. Honorable as was this episode in the life of Dr. Howe, his chief title to remembrance lies in the prominent part he bore in the education of the blind, and especially in his wonderful success in educating the blind deaf-mute, Laura Bridgman. He was an active promoter of the colonization of Kansas from the Free States, and he was one of the few confidants of John Brown who was not surprised by the attack on Harper's Ferry. On two occasions during the last ten years his reputation secured him a place on Government commissions which were singularly unfruitful of any good result; one of these was to the freedmen of the South, the other to San Domingo.

—Readers of Dr. Foster's 'Prehistoric Races of America' will perhaps remember that frequent reference is made to Mr. Perkins's archæo-

logical collection, of which several specimens are given in the illustrations. Mr. Perkins, a resident of Burlington, Wis. (a native of New York), being about to make a protracted stay in Europe, has deposited his collection with the Wisconsin Historical Society, with a view to ultimate purchase, and the purchase has, in fact, to all intents and purposes, been accomplished. This is probably the most extensive collection in America—certainly in copper implements, which give it its unique character and value. It contains (we quote from the annual 'Report of the Historical Society') "600 stone rollers, pestles, knives, scrapers, awls, pikes, and anomalous forms; 365 stone axes of various forms and sizes; about 50 stone pipes and perforated ornaments; nearly 8,000 spear, lance, and arrow heads; and of copper articles, 68 spear or dirk heads with sockets for shafts, 5 notched for shafts, 15 with flat shanks, 10 knives, 15 chisels and axes, 3 socket-axes, knives or adzes, 5 augers, 2 gads, 1 drill, and 9 of anomalous forms—numbering altogether over 9,000 articles of the prehistoric age." All these articles were found within the State of Wisconsin, and all the copper articles within the last four years. Mr. Perkins's extraordinary success in this field is due to extraordinary industry and perseverance. He has thoroughly ransacked the southeastern part of the State, taking each county (about a dozen in all) township by township, and section by section, and visiting every house upon his way, leaving his address, so as to secure future as well as past discoveries. Nearly every article is labelled with the name of the finder, and a full and careful record describes the time, locality, and circumstances of its discovery. His object was to make all possible provision for scientific study. We understand that it is the intention of the Society to send, if possible, a full and adequate selection of the articles to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia.

—We wonder if Mr. Francis Galton ever met with a more curious instance of hereditary genius than the following: About fifty years ago, Mr. John Cleves Symmes, a retired army officer, conceived—in the depths of his consciousness, we suppose, for there never were any facts to give rise to the conception in reason—the theory that the earth is hollow and habitable within, entrance to this inner world being possible by means of an opening supposed to exist, in the shape of an immense funnel, within the circle of ice which encloses the North Pole. Symmes's Hole, as this opening was soon termed, was for many years the laughing-stock of teachers and pupils. It is a little singular, we are tempted to remark by the way, that in these days, when almost every well-known writer is accused of having taken his leading ideas from some older writer, no one seems to have accused M. Jules Verne of borrowing the idea of his 'Journey to the Centre of the Earth' from this old inventor. Captain Symmes spent a large part of the last ten years of his life in zealous advocacy of his theory, writing and lecturing about it, and petitioning Congress to send out an expedition to test its truthfulness. He made few, if any, converts, but died nevertheless in full faith that the correctness of his views would some day be demonstrated. And now, nearly fifty years after his death, which took place in 1829, his son has commenced giving lectures in explanation and advocacy of his father's theory. In a lecture delivered recently in Ohio, after giving some account of the life and work of his father, he presented a curious medley of facts collected from the experiences of Arctic voyagers, all of which facts, he contended, helped to prove the existence of an opening to the inner world. A few of these facts even gave indications of the condition of the inhabitants of this undiscovered country. But the chief point of interest in the lecture appears to have been the expression of profound sorrow that the *Polaris* turned back when within one day's sail of the open water which would have led the vessel to the entrance of this interior realm. Had the *Polaris* continued her course, not only would the father's theory have been demonstrated, but the United States would have acquired dominion over the new world of "Symmeszonia." "At this point," says the newspaper report, "the lecturer appeared so overcome with the intensity of his regret that so fine an opportunity for proving the correctness of his father's theory should have been lost, that he was obliged to terminate his lecture, being almost prostrated with a sudden dizziness."

—Summer schools of science are becoming popular, and those that take their students into the field secure for them a double advantage. We hear of a project for one of a primary character, which strikes us most favorably. It does not assume such a name, but calls itself a "Mountain School of Physical Culture." It proposes to take boys—town-boys especially—for their long summer vacation into a camp for physical culture (with barracks rather than tents) upon North Mountain, in Pennsylvania, and to develop and rightly direct the activities of their bodies as well as their minds, mingling instruction in the physical geography, geology, botany, zoology, and meteorology of the region, and the use of scientific instruments, with instruc-

tion in the use of the rod and gun, and all that relates to the exigencies of field and forest life. Dr. Rothrock, who proposes to undertake this, was a pupil of Agassiz, Wyman, and Gray at Harvard, and has won distinction already as botanist, surgeon, teacher, and frontier explorer.

—We had hardly disposed of the case of the *Evening Post* when we caught the *Times* once more in its old practice of "journalizing." The *Nation*, November 4, 1875, called the effort of the Mayor and Public Works Department to pay the market rate of wages—

"The first show of an attempt to carry on the government of the city on business principles."

The above, as journalized by the *New York Times*, January 7, 1876:

"The first honest attempt which has been made to conduct the government of this city on business principles."

This is a worse case than it seems on the surface.

#### DARWIN'S INSECTIVOROUS AND CLIMBING PLANTS.\*

##### II.

TO a naturalist of our day, imbued with those ideas of the solidarity of organic nature which such facts as those we have been considering suggest, the greatest anomaly of all would be that they are really anomalous or unique. Reasonably supposing, therefore, that the Sundew did not stand alone, Mr. Darwin turned his attention to other groups of plants; and, first, to the Bladderworts, which have no near kinship with the Sundews, but, like the aquatic representative of that family, are provided with bladderlike sacs, under water. In the common species of *Utricularia* or Bladderwort, these little sacs, hanging from submerged leaves or branches, have their orifice closed by a lid which opens inwardly—a veritable trap-door. It had been noticed in England and France that they contained minute crustacean animals. Early in the summer of 1874, Mr. Darwin ascertained the mechanism for their capture and the great success with which it is used. But before his account was written out, Prof. Cohn published an excellent paper on the subject in Germany, and Mrs. Treat, of Vineland, New Jersey, a still earlier one in this country—in the *New York Tribune* in the autumn of 1874. Of the latter, Mr. Darwin remarks that she "has been more successful than any other observer in witnessing the actual entrance of these minute creatures." They never come out, but soon perish in their prison, which receives a continued succession of victims, but little, if any, fresh air to its water. The action of the trap is purely mechanical, without evident irritability in the opening or shutting. There is no evidence nor much likelihood of any proper digestion; indeed, Mr. Darwin found evidence to the contrary. But the more or less decomposed and dissolved animal matter is doubtless absorbed into the plant; for the whole interior of the sac is lined with peculiar, elongated and four-armed very thin-walled processes, which contain active protoplasm, and which were proved by experiment to "have the power of absorbing matter from weak solutions of certain salts of ammonia and urea, and from a putrid infusion of raw meat."

Although the Bladderworts "prey on garbage," their terrestrial relatives "live cleanly," as nobler plants should do, and have a good and true digestion. *Pinguicula*, or Butterwort, is the representative of this family upon land. It gets both its Latin and its English name from the fatty or greasy appearance of the upper face of its broad leaves; and this appearance is due to a dense coat or pile of short-stalked glands, which secrete a colorless and extremely viscid liquid. By this small flies, or whatever may alight or fall upon the leaf, are held fast. These waifs might be useless or even injurious to the plant. Probably Mr. Darwin was the first to ask whether they might be of advantage. He certainly was the first to show that they probably are so. The evidence from experiment, shortly summed up, is, that insects alive or dead, and also other nitrogenous bodies, excite these glands to increased secretion; the secretion then becomes acid, and acquires the power of dissolving solid animal substances—that is, the power of digestion in the manner of *Drosera* and *Dionæa*. And the stalks of their glands under the microscope give the same ocular evidence of absorption. The leaves of the Butterwort are apt to have their margins folded inward, like a rim or hem. Taking young and vigorous leaves to which hardly anything had yet adhered, and of which the margins were still flat, Mr. Darwin set within one margin a row of small flies. Fifteen hours afterwards this edge was neatly turned inward, partly covering

the row of flies, and the surrounding glands were secreting copiously. The other edge remained flat and unaltered. Then he stuck a fly to the middle of a leaf just below its tip, and soon both margins infolded, so as to clasp the object. Many other and varied experiments yielded similar results. Even pollen, which would not rarely be lodged upon these leaves, as it falls from surrounding wind-fertilized plants, also small seeds, excited the same action, and showed signs of being acted upon. "We may therefore conclude," with Mr. Darwin, "that *Pinguicula vulgaris*, with its small roots, is not only supported to a large extent by the extraordinary number of insects which it habitually captures, but likewise draws some nourishment from the pollen, leaves, and seeds of other plants which often adhere to its leaves. It is therefore partly a vegetable as well as an animal feeder."

What is now to be thought of the ordinary glandular hairs which render the surface of many and the most various plants extremely viscid? Their number is legion. The Chinese Primrose of common garden and house culture is no extraordinary instance; but Mr. Francis Darwin, counting those on a small space measured by the micrometer, estimated them at 65,371 to the square inch of foliage, taking in both surfaces of the leaf, or two or three millions on a moderate-sized specimen of this small herb. Glands of this sort were loosely regarded as organs for excretion, without much consideration of the question whether, in vegetable life, there could be any need to excrete, or any advantage gained by throwing off such products; and, while the popular name of Catch-fly, given to several common species of *Silene*, indicates long familiarity with the fact, probably no one ever imagined that the swarms of small insects which perish upon these sticky surfaces were ever turned to account by the plant. In many such cases, no doubt they perish as uselessly as when attracted into the flame of a candle. In the Tobacco plant, for instance, Mr. Darwin could find no evidence that the glandular hairs absorb animal matter. But Darwinian philosophy expects all gradations between casualty and complete adaptation. It is probable that any thin-walled vegetable structure which secretes may also be capable of absorbing under favorable conditions. The myriad exquisitely-constructed glands of the Chinese Primrose are not likely to be functionless. Mr. Darwin ascertained by direct experiment that they promptly absorb carbonate of ammonia, both in watery solution and in vapor. So, since rain-water usually contains a small percentage of ammonia, a use for these glands becomes apparent—one completely congruous with that of absorbing any animal matter, or products of its decomposition, which may come in their way through the occasional entanglement of insects in their viscid secretion. In several Saxifrages—distant relatives of *Drosera*—the viscid glands equally manifested the power of absorption.

To trace a gradation between a simply absorbing hair with a glutinous tip, through which the plant may perchance derive slight contingent advantage, and the tentacles of a Sundew, with their exquisite and associated adaptations, does not much lessen the wonder nor explain the phenomena. After all, as Mr. Darwin modestly concludes, "we see how little has been made out in comparison with what remains unexplained and unknown." But all this must be allowed to be an important contribution to the doctrine of the gradual acquirement of uses and functions, and hardly to find conceivable explanation upon any other hypothesis.

There remains one more mode in which plants of the higher grade are known to prey upon animals; namely, that of pitchers, urns, or tubes, in which insects and the like are drowned or confined, and either macerated or digested. To this Mr. Darwin barely alludes on the last page of the present volume. The main facts known respecting the American pitcher-plants have, as was natural, been ascertained in this country, and we gave an abstract two years ago of our then incipient knowledge. Much has been learned since, although all the observations have been of a desultory character. If space permitted, an instructive narrative might be drawn up, as well of the economy of the *Sarracenia*s as of how we came to know what we do of it. But the very little we have room for will be strictly supplementary to our former article.

The pitchers of our familiar northern *Sarracenia*, which is likewise southern, are open-mouthed; and, although they certainly secrete some liquid when young, must derive most of the water they ordinarily contain from rain. How insects are attracted is unknown, but the water abounds with their drowned bodies and decomposing remains.

In the more southern *S. flava* the long and trumpet-shaped pitchers evidently depend upon the liquid which they themselves secrete, although at maturity, when the hood becomes erect, rain may somewhat add to it. This species, as we know, allures insects by a peculiar sweet exudation within the orifice; they fall in and perish, though seldom by drowning, yet few are able to escape; and their decomposing remains accumulate in the narrow bottom of the vessel. Two other long-tubed species of the Southern

\* Insectivorous Plants. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S. With Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1875. Pp. 462. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., etc. Second Edition revised, with Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1875. Pp. 238. New York: D. Appleton & Co.



States are similar in these respects. There is another, *S. psittacina*, the parrot-headed species, remarkable for the cowl-shaped hood so completely inflexed over the mouth of the small pitcher that no rain can possibly enter. Little is known of its efficiency as a fly-catcher; but its conformation has a morphological interest, leading up as it does to the Californian type of pitcher presently to be mentioned.

But the remaining species, *S. variolaris*, is the most wonderful of our pitcher-plants in its adaptations for the capture of insects. The inflated and mottled lid or hood overarches the ample orifice of the tubular pitcher sufficiently to ward off the rain, but not to obstruct the free access of flying insects. Flies, ants, and most insects glide and fall from the treacherous smooth throat into the deep well below, and never escape. They are allured by a sweet secretion just within the orifice—which was discovered and described long ago, and the knowledge of it well-nigh forgotten until recently. And, finally, Dr. Mellichamp, of South Carolina, two years ago made the capital discovery that, during the height of the season, this lure extends from the orifice down nearly to the ground, a length of a foot or two, in the form of a honeyed line or narrow trail on the edge of the wing-like border which is conspicuous in all these species, although only in this one, so far as known, turned to such account. Here, one would say, is a special adaptation to ants and such terrestrial and creeping insects. Well, long before this sweet trail was known, it was remarked by the late Prof. Wyman and others that the pitchers of this species, in the savannahs of Georgia and Florida, contain far more ants than they do of all other insects put together.

Finally, all this is essentially repeated in the peculiar Californian pitcher-plant (*Darlingtonia*), a genus of the same natural family, which captures insects in great variety, enticing them by a sweetish secretion over the whole inside of the inflated hood and that of a curious forked appendage, resembling a fish-tail, which overhangs the orifice. This orifice is so concealed that it can be seen and approached only from below, as if—the casual observer might infer—to escape visitation. But dead insects of all kinds, and their decomposing remains, crowd the cavity and saturate the liquid therein contained, enticed, it is said, by a peculiar odor as well as by the sweet lure which is at some stages so abundant as to drip from the tips of the overhanging appendage. The principal observations upon this pitcher-plant in its native habitat have been made by Mrs. Austin, and only some of the earlier ones have thus far been published by Mr. Canby. But we are assured that in this, as in the *Sarracenia variolaris*, the sweet exudation extends at the proper season from the orifice down the wing nearly to the ground, and that ants follow this honeyed pathway to their destruction. Also, that the watery liquid in the pitcher, which must be wholly a secretion, is much increased in quantity after the capture of insects.

It cannot now well be doubted that the animal matter is utilized by the plant in all these cases, although most probably only after maceration or decomposition. In some of them even digestion, or at least the absorption of undecomposed soluble animal juices, may be suspected; but there is no proof of it. But, if pitchers of the *Sarracenia* family are only macerating vessels, those of *Nepenthes*—the pitchers of the Indian Archipelago, familiar in conservatories—seem to be stomachs. The investigations of the President of the Royal Society, Dr. Hooker, although incomplete, well-nigh demonstrate that these not only allure insects by a sweet secretion at the rim and upon the lid of the cup, but also that their capture, or the presence within of other partly soluble animal matter, produces an increase and an acidulation of the contained watery liquid, which thereupon becomes capable of acting in the manner of that of *Drosera* and *Dionaea*, dissolving flesh, albumen, and the like.

After all, there never was just ground for denying to vegetables the use of animal food. The Fungi are by far the most numerous family of plants, and they all live upon organic matter, some upon dead and decomposing, some upon living, some upon both; and the number of those that feed upon living animals is large. Whether these carnivorous propensities of higher plants which so excite our wonder be regarded as survivals of ancestral habits, or as comparatively late acquirements, or even as special endowments, in any case what we have learned of them goes to strengthen the conclusion that the whole organic world is akin.

The volume upon 'The Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants' is a revised and enlarged edition of a memoir communicated to the Linnean Society in 1865, and published in the ninth volume of its Journal. There was an extra impression, but, beyond the circle of naturalists, it can hardly have been much known at first-hand. Even now, when it is made a part of the general Darwinian literature, it is unlikely to be as widely read as the companion volume which we have been reviewing; although it is really

a more readable book, and well worthy of far more extended notice at our hands than it can now receive. The reason is obvious. It seems as natural that plants should climb as it does unnatural that any should take animal food. Most people, knowing that some plants "twine with the sun," and others "against the sun," have an idea that the sun in some way causes the twining; indeed, the notion is still fixed in the popular mind that the same species twines in opposite directions north and south of the equator.

Readers of this fascinating treatise will learn, first of all, that the sun has no influence over such movements directly, and that its indirect influence is commonly adverse or disturbing, except the heat, which quickens vegetable as it does animal life. Also, that climbing is accomplished by powers and actions as unlike those generally predicated of the vegetable kingdom as any which have been brought to view in the preceding volume. Climbing plants "feel" as well as "grow and live"; and they also manifest an automatism which is perhaps more wonderful than a response by visible movement to an external irritation. Nor do plants grow up their supports, as is unthinkingly supposed; for, although only growing or newly grown parts act in climbing, the climbing and the growth are entirely distinct. To this there is one exception—an instructive one, as showing how one action passes into another, and how the same result may be brought about in different ways—that of stems which climb by rootlets, such as of Ivy and Trumpet Creeper. Here the stem ascends by growth alone, taking upward direction, and is fixed by rootlets as it grows. There is no better way of climbing walls, precipices, and large tree-trunks.

But small stems and similar supports are best ascended by twining; and this calls out powers of another and higher order. The twining stem does not grow around its support, but winds around it, and it does this by a movement the nature of which is best observed in stems which have not yet reached their support, or have overtopped it and stretched out beyond it. Then it may be seen that the extending summit, reaching farther and farther as it grows, is making free circular sweeps, by night as well as by day, and irrespective of external circumstances, except that warmth accelerates the movement, and that the general tendency of young stems to bend towards the light may, in case of lateral illumination, accelerate one-half the circuit while it equally retards the other. The arrest of the revolution where the supporting body is struck, while the portion beyond continues its movement, brings about the twining. As to the proximate cause of this sweeping motion, a few simple experiments prove that it results from the bowing or bending of the free summit of the stem into a more or less horizontal position, this bending being successively to every point of the compass, through an action which circulates around the stem in the direction of the sweep and of the consequent twining, i.e., "with the sun" or with the movement of the hands of a watch in the hop, or in the opposite direction in pole-beans and most twiners.

Twining plants, therefore, ascend trees or other stems by an action and a movement of their own, from which they derive advantage. To plants liable to be overshadowed by more robust companions, climbing is an economical method of obtaining a freer exposure to light and air with the smallest possible expenditure of material. But twiners have one disadvantage: to rise ten feet they must produce fifteen feet of stem or thereabouts, according to the diameter of the support and the openness or closeness of the coil. A rootlet-climber saves much in this respect, but has a restricted range of action and other disadvantages.

There are two other modes, which combine the utmost economy of material with freer range of action. There are, in the first place, leaf-climbers of various sorts, agreeing only in this, that the duty of laying hold is transferred to the leaves, so that the stem may rise in a direct line. Sometimes the blade or leaflets, or some of them, but more commonly their slender stalks, undertake the work, and the plant rises as a boy ascends a tree, grasping first with one hand or arm, then with the other. Indeed, the comparison, like the leaf-stalk, holds better than would be supposed; for the grasping of the latter is not the result of a blind groping in all directions by a continuous movement, but of a definite sensitiveness which acts only upon the occasion. Most leaves make no regular sweeps; but when the stalks of a leaf-climbing species come into prolonged contact with any fitting extraneous body, they slowly incurve and make a turn around it, and then commonly thicken and harden until they attain a strength which may equal that of the stem itself. Here we have the faculty of movement to a definite end, upon external irritation, of the same nature with that displayed by *Dionaea* and *Drosera*, although slower for the most part than even in the latter. But the movement of the hour-hand of the clock is not different in nature or cause from that of the second-hand.

Finally—distribution of office being on the whole most advantageous and economical, and this in the vegetable kingdom being led up to by de-

gress—we reach, through numerous gradations, the highest style of climbing plants in the tendril-climber. A tendril, morphologically, is either a leaf or branch of stem, or a portion of one, specially organized for climbing. Some tendrils simply turn away from light, as do those of grape-vines, thus taking the direction in which some supporting object is likely to be encountered; most are indifferent to light; and many revolve in the manner of the summit of twining stems. As the stems which bear these highly-endowed tendrils in many cases themselves also revolve more or less, though they seldom twine, their reach is the more extensive; and to this endowment of automatic movement most tendrils add the other faculty, that of incurving and coiling upon prolonged touch, or even brief contact, in the highest degree. Some long tendrils, when in their best condition, revolve so rapidly that the sweeping movement may be plainly seen; indeed, we have seen a quarter circuit in a *Passiflora sicyoides* accomplished in less than a minute, and the half circuit in ten minutes; but the other half (for a reason alluded to in the next paragraph) takes a much longer time. Then as to the coiling upon contact, in the case first noticed in this country in the year 1858, which Mr. Darwin mentions as having led him into this investigation, the tendril of *Sicyos* was seen to coil within half a minute after a stroke with the hand, and to make a full turn or more within the next minute; furnishing ocular evidence that tendrils grasp and coil in virtue of sensitiveness to contact, and, one would suppose, negating Sachs's recent hypothesis that all these movements are owing "to rapid growth on the side opposite to that which becomes concave"—a view to which Mr. Darwin objects, but not as strongly as he might. The tendril of this sort, on striking some fitting object, quickly curls round and firmly grasps it; then, after some hours, one side shortening or remaining short in proportion to the other, it coils into a spire, dragging the stem up to its support, and enabling the next tendril above to secure a readier hold.

In revolving tendrils perhaps the most wonderful adaptation is that by which they avoid attachment to or winding themselves upon the ascending summit of the stem that bears them. This they would inevitably do if they continued their sweep horizontally. But when in its course it nears the parent stem the tendril moves slowly, as if to gather strength, then stiffens and rises into an erect position parallel with it, and so passes by the dangerous point; after which it comes rapidly down to the horizontal position, in which it moves until it again approaches and again avoids the impending obstacle.

Climbing plants are distributed throughout almost all the natural orders. In some orders climbing is the rule, in most it is the exception, occurring only in certain genera. The tendency of stems to move in circuits—upon which climbing more commonly depends, and out of which it is conceived to have been educed—is manifested incipiently by many a plant which does not climb. Of those that do there are all degrees, from the feeblest to the most efficient, from those which have no special adaptation to those which have exquisitely endowed special organs for climbing. The conclusion reached is that the power "is inherent, though undeveloped, in almost every plant"; "that climbing plants have utilized and perfected a widely-distributed and incipient capacity which, as far as we can see, is of no service to ordinary plants."

Inherent powers and incipient manifestations, useless to their possessors but useful to their successors—this doubtless is according to the order of nature; but it seems to need something more than natural selection to account for it.

#### RECENT NOVELS.\*

'ST. SIMON'S NIECE' is a story of the Colony—in other words, the American colony in Paris. It treats of a young lady who lives with her uncle and aunt—the former a dissolute adventurer of elegant appearance and charming manners, the latter an old lady known as the "Tortoise," and possessed of many singular attributes. The niece of this ill-assorted couple is in love with Talbot Castlemaine (the finest thing yet in names, it strikes us), who is also a dissolute adventurer of a fascinating exterior. The young lady herself is decidedly dissolute as well, and of course most fascinating, as may be illustrated by her constant habit of addressing her aunt—the "Tortoise"—as "T." They live, as we have said, in Paris, in the Avenue Friedland, together with Gregory Alleyne, Helen Devereux, Marian Payne, and Roland Spencer. They are all, even the "Tortoise," remarkably handsome; they possess lots of money; and they are all having, as the envious home-phrase is, "a delightful time over there." Talbot Castlemaine is indeed an Englishman (he in especial is as beautiful as a god), and he marries Marian Payne, who becomes Lady Cas-

tlemaine. Helen Devereux, however, is the most brilliant figure, for of her these things are related: "This round of visits among some of the most charming country-houses in England was a sufficiently new experience to be very agreeable, and I might crowd several chapters with the stereotyped accounts of hunts, dinners, county-balls, and the like. I might add to the list three days spent at the Royal castle which overlooks Windsor town—rather long, heavy days, Miss Devereux was forced to admit, under her breath—and a week in the quiet of Chiselhurst, where her old admiration for the most gracious, winning woman of our century warmed into a higher homage at the sight of the uncomplaining fortitude which ennobled that uncrowned brow." The touch about the young lady being bored with the society of the Queen of England, and yet keeping her ennui to herself lest the Queen should be distressed, strikes us as particularly fine. As she stayed a whole week with the Empress of the French, it is to be hoped that, in spite of this lady's sad situation, she found things more lively. But what does Mr. Benedict mean by his allusion to the "uncrowned brow" of the Empress? It seems ambiguous; for, to remind us that she never had been crowned diminishes the pathos of his image, and yet, as she never had been crowned, the phrase of course cannot be an inadvertence for *discrowned*. Miss Devereux, at any rate, afterwards went to Italy. "The court had left *bella Firenze*, but it was very pleasant there nevertheless, and quite gay. Miss Devereux went out a great deal, and the Castlemaines accompanied her." Miss Devereux is a young girl from New York, without visible protectors or affiliations (she has, indeed, a mamma, who is barely mentioned), who is represented as going hither and thither about Europe at discretion, and occupying, *in propria persona*, a great social position. We think, nevertheless, that when she "went out" in Florence it might have been conceded that she was in the care of the married couple just mentioned, rather than they in hers. This, however, is a peculiarity of Mr. Benedict's young ladies; we are told that in Paris "there was no trace of sadness or gloom in the pretty salons where Fanny St. Simon held sway." We are afraid that Mr. Benedict knows his Paris less well than he would have us believe. To "hold sway" in a salon means, for a woman, if it means anything, to preside in a salon of one's own. But as the author has put his substantive into the plural (and as we take it that he does not mean that Miss St. Simon literally "held," as the phrase is, several distinct salons), it is to be supposed that he simply alludes to his heroine's general sovereignty at evening entertainments. It was certainly very good-natured on the part of the other brilliant ornaments of the French capital to have left it in her hands. Miss Devereux, however, comes over (she has been living in Devonshire) to dispute Miss St. Simon's sway—comes over in a special train, after having telegraphed in advance: "I want an apartment for a month—longer, if I choose; the one we formerly had in the Champs Elysées if possible. They must send from the Café Anglais to manage the dinners." Miss Devereux might have done better for her dinners than to have them "sent in"; but when a poor young lady has to take care of herself, and of her friends as well, to the degree that had fallen to Miss Devereux's lot, she can hardly be expected to keep these little niceties in mind. We are unable to trace further the fortunes of the various members of the "Colony" as Mr. Benedict relates them, and indeed we feel guilty of a certain want of candor in having expatiated on them thus far. 'St. Simon's Niece' is a book to be briefly dismissed—an extremely unpleasant book. Snobbish, vulgar, cheaply meretricious, unwholesome, it reads like the work of a young woman of tawdry imagination, who has batten upon the productions of Miss Braddon and Edmund Yates. We say of a young woman, in spite of the name on the title-page (which may easily be a pseudonym) and because of the intrinsic evidence of the book. The style is inimitably feminine. "So they talked on until Fanny worked herself into one of her nervous states, and was absurdly gay." We think the reader will agree with us that these simple words were not written by a masculine hand.

'Buffets' is a much pleasanter performance; the tone of the story indeed, it must be confessed, is wholesome even to insipidity—unsophisticated to puerility. We cannot say that Mr. Doe's tale has riveted our attention, but it has left an agreeable impression of elevated purpose, of manly sympathies, and even of a slender natural facetiousness. The author has bravely attempted to write a characteristic American novel, which should be a tale of civilization—be void of big-hearted backwoodsmen and of every form of "dialect." He has laid his scene in the city of New York, and he has desired his story to savor of the soil. Unfortunately, his design has been more commendable than his success, and if this is the most that local influences can do for the aspiring and confiding American artist, he will not be encouraged to appeal to them. The first trouble with Mr. Doe's

\* 'St. Simon's Niece. A Novel. By Frank Lee Benedict. New York: Harper & Bros. 1875.

'Buffets. By Charles H. Doe. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.



story is, that it is really not a story at all; the author has gone to quite too little cost in invention. A rich merchant in New York is made bankrupt by the breaking out of the war of the Rebellion; he dies of the shock, and leaves his son to care for his widow, his daughter, and a young girl without near relations who lives with these ladies. The young man, who, so long as he had plenty of pocket-money, was naturally not remarkable for thrift or industry, puts his shoulder to the wheel, cultivates economy, devotes himself to his mother and sister, makes them very comfortable, and at last marries the other young lady, while another young man marries the sister. The drama, it will be seen, is of primitive simplicity; it is like a story written for children. The author has introduced a number of accessory figures; but, as no one has anything particular to do, no one produces much illusion. We have in especial a side-glimpse of New York club-life, upon which, more than upon anything else, the author would appear to have expended himself. The theme is treated in the light satirical vein, with an intention, apparently, of consoling all black-balled members. The envied frequenters of the luxurious halls chatter away and puff at their cigars like schoolboys who have locked the door and are trying heroically to get tipsy. We cannot congratulate Mr. Doe on his picture of young New York. When it comes away from its club—which it seems to frequent with an assiduity prompted, at off-hours, by scepticism as to its really and truly belonging to one—it entertains itself with twisting off the bell-handles of the brown-stone fronts and dodging the policeman; and when it wishes to express itself pleased with a ball at which it has been dancing it declares that it is “forced to admit that while there were some queer coves there whom [it] had never met anywhere before, it was a regular bustin’, jolly old toot, and the Houldworths had done themselves proud no end.” We did wrong, perhaps, just now to say that the author had eschewed “dialect.” The above is a specimen of the mode of speech of his humorous hero; here is the conversational style of his serious one: “Not bad, these people, eh, Frederic, my son?” addressing himself paternally, and in French. “Madame a little too well preserved, a little stiff; but mademoiselle is charming, a pretty child; I like her much, *la petite*. . . . Decidedly, my brave boy, we must cultivate this acquaintance. It will do to pass the time.” It is regrettable that, having attempted to portray a number of typical young Americans, Mr. Doe should not have hit it more happily. The frolicsome ones are deplorably puerile, and we do not think the sober ones are quite in the right vein. After the young man who has lost his father and his fortune has knuckled down to work he receives an invitation from one of his old friends to dine with him at a club. He replies to it by a solemn letter declining the invitation, and declaring that he must break with all his old associates and give up all society of every kind. This strikes us as a trifle pedantic; manly virtue should be a little more flexible. It would seem as if taking care of one’s mother and sister were an act so unwonted, so strenuous and heroic, that it would be quite fatal to “let go” for an instant. All this is not easy and mature. The other good young man (the only one in the book who goes to the war, which is raging all this while) is perhaps on one occasion a trifle too easy. Going to confer with a young lady about another young lady with whom he is in love, and wishes his interlocutress to intercede for him, on her promising her support he proceeds to kiss her. The young lady’s lover is of course passing the door at the time, and naturally concludes that he is kissing her for her own sake and not for another’s. He discovers very promptly the roundabout character of the embrace, and this little ripple has to do duty with Mr. Doe as an episode. It is probable that all story-tellers proposing to deal with New York life will for some time to come, in the way of color and picturesqueness, be obliged to give more to their subject than they receive from it, but the author of ‘*Buffets*’ may be charged with not having taken what lay at hand. He has brought the war into his tale, but he has left it standing at the door. It is a singular fact that only one of the author’s numerous young New Yorkers (and he in rather a dilatory fashion) is represented as repairing to the defence of his country. If this is satire (we have said Mr. Doe is satirical) it is rather “rough,” as the gentlemen concerned would say. ‘*Buffets*,’ in fine, is tame and unskilled as a story, but we have read more masterly works which left one a less friendly feeling for the writer. The book is written (when the author is not too severely humorous) in correct and agreeable English, and seems to suggest that if Mr. Doe cannot write good novels he has it in him to write something better worth while than poor ones.

‘*Leah: A Woman of Fashion*’ belongs to the same family as ‘*St. Simon’s Niece*’; but they order this matter much better in England. ‘*Leah*,’ we take it, represents the artistic ideal of the author of ‘*St. Simon’s*

*Niece*’—the full-blown perfection of the manner to which the author of that work ineffectually aspires. Mrs. Edwards, however, has the advantage of being in her own line decidedly clever, and of describing things which, if uncommonly disagreeable, are nevertheless tolerably real. Her line is the Continental English of damaged reputation—the adventurers, the gamblers and escaped debtors, the desperate economists, the separated wives, the young ladies without mammas who smoke cigarettes and “compromise” themselves with moustachioed foreigners. The word we have just used is the key-note of Mrs. Edwards’s imagination; every one is compromised and compromising; her fancy revels in the idea, and presents it in every possible combination. Everything and every one is excessively improper, and are walking the tight-rope over depths of depravity. The depravity, of course, is chiefly of that particular species which, for ladies, is considered most “compromising,” and the author’s skill lies in making us know as much of it as possible without laying herself open to fatal charges. It is not Feydeau nor Flaubert we are reading, but the work of a British female hand, and here surely there can be nothing to blush at. In truth, the agility of the British female hand in playing tricks with “improper” subjects is something that we must leave to braver analysts than ourselves. Mrs. Edwards’s present heroine is a young woman with “subtle-colored hair,” a mouth that age might render “sensual or crafty, or both” (“or both” indeed!), and eyes of the “opal tint that Titian has painted for us.” Of course, with Titian for a precedent Mrs. Edwards can afford to go very far. Her subtle, sensual, opaline heroine marries and has lovers. That is, has she them or has she not? The story, such as there is of it, consists of a great fumbling and whispering and sighing and nodding over this important point; but of course Mrs. Edwards balks at the definite fact, for if the propriety of writers of her school is extremely prurient, their audacity is singularly pusillanimous. We are spared the consummation of those dreadful tendencies about our heroine’s mouth, for she dies at the age of twenty in the arms of her second husband, a young Frenchman, with whom, before her first marriage, she had attended at a late hour of the night a *café chantant* in the Champs Elysées. Mrs. Edwards, as we say, is clever; she infuses a certain force of color into her pictures of shabby gentility and Anglo-foreign Bohemia. She describes in these pages, with a good deal of ingenuity and vividness, an English boarding-house in the Rue Castiglione, and if Thackeray had been before her in his ‘*Philip*’ this is hardly her fault. All women at heart, says the familiar axiom, love a rake; whether or no the author of ‘*Leah*’ loves hers we cannot say, but she portrays them with a good deal of discretion. The distinguished, depraved, and impecunious Lord Stair is the best-drawn figure in the present volume. Mrs. Edwards is indeed clever enough to do much better than she does. She has no excuse, save indolence of invention, for putting us off with so very slender an apology for a plot. It is simple to baldness, and yet the commonest probability is violated. Leah is represented in the opening chapters as a horribly vicious young woman—a regular “bad ‘un,” as they say in England; and yet without anything in the world having happened to change her, save the death of an ignobly dissipated husband, whom she despised and detested, she is transfigured at the close into a creature too perfect to live. Why also should the story be related exclusively in the present tense? This device, prolonged through a whole volume, becomes most irritating. It is like reading a letter all italicized. But we are afraid advice is wasted upon a writer who can in any case beguile her readers with tit-bits like this: “Lady Jane Fuller is about the fastest visited woman in London—*probably one of the fastest women of any class in Europe*.” This of course is irresistible—the historical impartiality of the “probably,” the weightiness of the statement, the vista opened to the imagination as to what it is that Lady Jane Fuller does. It is almost as serious as reading Motley or Buckle—and so much more exciting.

Madame Sand continues, in the evening of her industrious life, to publish novels as rapidly as in her prime, and it would seem that, if some readers perceive in her tales a very natural weariness of imagination, she has not lost her power to entertain the general public. ‘*Flamarande*’ is but lately out, and it is already in a fifth edition. This indeed is better fortune than some of her earlier tales enjoyed, for she has never been an eminent “selling” writer, and it was not to the general public that she appealed. But she long ago ceased to write argumentative novels; she now produces “stories,” pure and simple, that no one can quarrel about, and that pretend only to entertain. Considering the enormous amount of work Mme. Sand has done in this way, and the exquisite quality of so much of it, she still is a wonderful improvisatrice. She reminds us of those famous old

‘*Leah: A Woman of Fashion*. By Mrs. Annie Edwards. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1875.

‘*Flamarande*. Par George Sand. Paris: Michel Lévy. 1875.

singers who have retired from the stage (or have not retired, as the case may be—the analogy so is more complete), who have lost their voice and their physical means, but who continue to charm the ear by the perfection of their method and their genius. Mme. Sand sings with but a thread of voice, comparatively—the volume and spontaneity of the organ are gone; but it is still singing, it is still melody—the tradition and style are left. In pure form, she is as nearly as possible the perfect story-teller; she unrolls her narrative with a smoothness and softness that are quite beyond defining. The reader of 'Flamarande' floats along the limpid current of her prose, which seems too serene to be called voluble, and too finished ever to be called prolix, with a perpetual intention of closing the book—of going ashore—in the next chapter, and a perpetual inability to execute his intention. The story is superannuated, improbable, fantastic—it is like gliding in a gondola past a painted landscape. But the painting is so facile and mellow and harmonious that he at last "makes believe," at least, that he is deceived. If there is not illusion, there is friendly assent. As young artists go to listen reverently to the old voiceless singers, so young writers may do worse than read these last fruits of Madame Sand's indefatigable imagination. They will at least get a reminder of style, in the highest sense of the word. 'Flamarande' is moreover, for more trivial purposes, a capital romance of the old school.

Nothing is more striking in a clever French novel, as a general thing, than its superiority in artistic neatness and shapeliness to a clever English one. When we call an English novel clever, we usually mean that there are good things in it; we do not mean that, as a total, it is a good thing; but when we compliment a French novel, that is what we mean. It is the difference between a copious "Irish stew," or any dish of that respectable family, with its savory and nourishing chunks and lumps, and a scientific little *entrée*, compactly defined by the margin of its platter. M. Octave Feuillet serves us up *entrées* of the most symmetrical shape and the most spicy flavor. Putting aside Mme. Sand, it is hard to see who, among the French purveyors of more or less ingenious fiction, is more accomplished than he. There are writers who began with doing better things—Flaubert, Gustave Droz, and Victor Cherbuliez—but they have lately done worse, whereas M. Feuillet never fails below himself. He is the fashionable novelist—a gentleman or lady without a *de* to their name is, to the best of our recollection, not to be found in all his tales. He is perhaps a trifle too elegant and superfine; his imagination turns out its toes, as it were, a trifle too much; but grant him his field—the drawing-room carpet—and he is a real master. 'Un Mariage dans le Monde' is the novel of the moment in France. It is of course about the conjugal aberrations of young Madame de Rias. Her husband, as the French say, "avait des torts," and Madame, in consequence, in his absence, gives a rendezvous in her garden at midnight to M. de Pontis. Another gentleman, M. de Kévern, takes a friendly interest in her, and being informed by his sister, her intimate friend, of her projected folly, writes on a sheet of paper the simple words—"you will be very unhappy to-morrow," and sends it off to her. Hereupon he settles down by the fireside to conversation and reading aloud with his sister. The evening advances, the clock strikes eleven, the door opens and admits Mme. de Rias, who flings herself into the sister's arms and asks if she can have a night's lodging. The sister assents with silent tact, and Mme. de Rias then approaches the brother, extends her hand, and utters the eloquent word—"Merci!" M. Feuillet, after a year or two, always converts his novels into plays, and we can imagine the effect of this scene upon the stage, and how the curtain will fall upon Mme. de Rias's "Merci!" amid the plaudits of effervescent French sentiment. It is quite in the taste of a scene which we remember in one of the dramas of Dumas the younger, in which a *jeune fille* has been accused of having parted with that particular attribute in virtue of which she claims this title: greatly to the distress of a gentleman who loves her, and who has been inclined to believe the charge. Sifting the matter, however, he satisfies himself of its falsity, and, delicately to indicate his change of conviction—the young lady is aware that her reputation is on trial—as he is leaving a room at the moment she enters it, he addresses her with a bow and an italicized and commendatory "Bon soir, Mademoiselle!" This touch, we believe, had a great sentimental success.

*Prince Bismarck: A Biographical Sketch.* By Wilhelm Görlach. From the German by Miss M. E. von Glehn. (New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1875.)—This little book may well serve as an introduction to a profounder study of the character and career of the German Chancellor. It is more

narrative than critical or analytical, and it allows Bismarck to speak for himself in copious extracts from his official utterances and, in a very charming way, from his domestic correspondence. Herr Görlach's point of view is that of a Liberal who is not ready to defend the Count's part in the constitutional struggles preceding the war of 1866, or to exonerate him because of the unhoped-for results of his policy, and because, in the words of another biographer, his "bitterest opponents have not hitherto been able to reproach him with pursuing a personal policy—with allowing self-love, in its various manifestations, to be the mainspring of his actions." Nevertheless, Herr Görlach's retrospective judgments are unavoidably tempered by the light which events since 1870 have shed upon Bismarck's aims and on his capacity for progress. In this respect, any biographer of the present day would have an advantage over Herr Bamberger, for example, who wrote before the Franco-Prussian war, and of whose work it may be said both that it is much abler than the one before us, and that it shows clearly the occasion which the slow development of Bismarck's purpose affords of revising opinions logically adopted, but liable to change on the revelation of the secret springs of diplomatic and individual activity. It hardly seems possible now that any phase of Bismarck's character remains unexplored, or that his countrymen's admiration for him is destined to undergo any such profound modification as took place after Sadowa, and again after Sedan. But, on the other hand, what may fairly be called the Protestant unification of the Empire, and the reconciliation of monarchy and of *idées Bismarckiennes* with constitutional freedom, seem to impose a rôle of great delicacy and, as regards an idolized reputation, of great danger; while the foreign complications which menace the peace of Europe so long as the Turks remain on this side of the Bosphorus, and the dismemberment of Austria in the interest of Panteutonism, if brought about in Bismarck's lifetime, promise scope for the attainment of still higher renown, or an anti-climax in which the want of success will popularly offset those achievements which thus far have made him the peer of Frederic II. and Stein, and the foremost statesman in Christendom.

*Shakespeare-Lexicon.* A complete dictionary of all the English words, phrases, and constructions in the works of the poet. By Dr. Alexander Schmidt. Vol. II. M-Z, pp. 679-1452. (Berlin: Georg Reimer. New York: F. W. Christern. 1875.)—The general scope of this admirable work we noticed in No. 476 of the *Nation*, some eighteen months ago. Little remains to be said, therefore, of the second volume, except that its execution is as careful, as minute, and as accurate as that of the first. For example, *toward*, *towards* (prep.), is treated in separate articles, although Shakspeare's use of either form seems to have been as indifferent as is the usage nowadays. Before a consonant, vowel, or aspirate, the instances cited of *toward* are all but exactly as numerous as those of *towards*; but before a semi-vowel, *towards* occurs in the ratio of four to one. On the strength of a single quotation, Dr. Schmidt allows one more meaning to *towards* than to *toward*—viz., "about," in the passage from Richard III., "*towards* three or four o'clock." Discriminations of like delicacy and suggestiveness abound in this Lexicon. As was promised in the first volume, the appendix contains some grammatical observations covering points overlooked by Mr. Abbott, or which, when rightly referred to general rules, remove a great many of the stumbling-blocks of commentators. This portion of the work cannot be too highly commended as replete with instruction and exhaustive in illustrations. Some of the observations relate to the changeable accent of dissyllabic adjectives and participles, as in

"Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt";

others to the use of adjectives as substantives, and as virtual parts of compound nouns; of adverbs for adjectives; of the gerund in a passive sense; of the double negative; of the abstract for the concrete, and *vice versa*, etc., etc. They are followed by a notice of the solitary employment of provincial dialect by Shakspeare (King Lear, iv. 6, 239); a list of words and sentences borrowed by him from foreign languages; and a novel and very useful list of words forming the latter part in compositions. Thus, to take one of the briefer examples:

"Land: Cumberland; England; fairyland; foot-land-raker; headland; Iceland; inland; Ireland; island; Lapland; Netherlands; Northumberland; Scotland; stubble-land; woodland."

Less than two pages are occupied with additions and corrections—high praise for a work of such magnitude as this, conceived and executed by a foreigner, and printed in English in a foreign land. There is only one thing more admirable about it, and that is the modesty of the compiler, his freedom from dogmatism, and his perfect subordination of himself and

'Les deux Frères. [Sequel.] Paris: Michel Lévy. 1875.  
'Un Mariage dans le Monde. Par Octave Feuillet, de l'Académie Française.  
Paris: Michel Lévy. 1875.



his name to the task which he had set himself of helping to make Shakspeare better understood, and to set a limit to needless conjecture and emendation. As a means of education in the English language, the Lexicon, of course, leaves the Concordance in the shade; and it has even diminished the indispensableness of Mrs. Clarke's Concordance.

*Historical Scenes from the Old Jesuit Missions.* By the Right Rev. Wm. Ingraham Kip, D.D., LL.D., Member of the New York Historical Society. (New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. 16mo, pp. 375.)—Whoever wishes to understand the spirit of the counter-reformation, as it is sometimes called, cannot do better than to read Dr. Kip's extracts from the correspondence of the Jesuit missionaries. Of this great reaction the Society of Jesus was the inspiration, and almost the embodiment; and nothing better shows the necessity of the Protestant revolution itself, and the profound reform wrought by it in the Church itself, than the comparison of the spirit here manifested with that which pervaded the ecclesiastical world in the half century just before Luther. The heroic labors here described are the great historical mission of the Society, and its title to the world's memory; in view of them one is almost tempted to condone its great sins against Christianity and civilization in other fields.

These translations are made from the famous collection entitled 'Lettres Edifiantes,' from which Dr. Kip has published a previous selection, illustrating the 'Early Jesuit Missions in North America.' The present volume is, therefore, of less direct interest to us; it contains thirteen extracts—letters written from all the continents, but none nearer the present limits of the United States than Lower California. There is one, however, 'The Rhode Island Privateer,' which throws a curious side-light upon our colonial history. The French fort of Oyapoc, near Cayenne, was surprised and captured in 1745 by a "corsaire anglais," which turned out to be commissioned by "Williams Guéne, Governor of Rodelan"; and Dr. Kip has found that in reality William Greene was Governor of Rhode Island at this time, and has further traced out the personal history of Capt. Simeon Potter, who commanded the privateer. The writer of the letter appears to have been treated very well by the captain, with whom he had some interesting conversations, on theological points principally; but the crew was, of course, a rough and ignorant set. "They were like a band of monkeys, or of savages, who had never been away from the depths of the forest. A parasol or a mirror, the smallest article of furniture a little showy, excited their admiration. This did not surprise me, when I learned that they had scarcely any communication with Europe, and that Rodelan was a kind of

little republic, which did not pay any tribute to the king of England, which elected its own governor every year, and which had not even any silver money, but only notes for daily commerce; for this is the impression I gained from all they told me" (p. 166).

*The Literature of Kissing.* By C. C. Bombaugh, M.D. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)—*All About Kisses.* By Damocles, with 100 illustrations by Hablot K. Browne (Phiz). (London: C. H. Clarke. 1875.)—To write two books upon kissing is a doing twice of what was hardly worth doing at all. Both those before us are disconnected strings of excerpts gathered anywhere and anyhow. Dr. Bombaugh has swept his drag-net over the waste of literature to better purpose before; but his volume is still fairly well done. Mr. Browne's, on the other hand, is abominably bad. It has almost every fault that a book of its kind can have. The text is vulgar and poorly printed, the illustrations are rough-hewn woodcuts. As a compilation it is slipshod and inaccurate. Three stanzas printed, p. 121, and there credited to Burns, are reprinted, p. 144, and credited to Beaumont and Fletcher. It is altogether a most slovenly production. Dr. Bombaugh's has at least the merit of neat typography and careful compilation. It contains a mass of heterogeneous matter, prose and poetry, fact and fiction, history and anecdote, quoted from anybody and everybody, from Milton and from *Punch*. It extends over three hundred and eighty-two pages. We notice with surprise that both books omit Dufresny's dainty little lyric and the beautiful stanza from Mr. Swinburne's "A Catch."

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
Æneid of Virgil. Books XL, XII.	(Livingtons)
Almanach de Gotha, 1876.	(B. Westermann & Co.)
Buckley (Rev. J. M.), Supposed Miracles, swd.	(Burd & Broughton)
Darwin (C.), Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants.	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Æve (Prof. H. W.), Notes to Scott's Waverley.	(Livingtons)
Engel (Dr. F.), Nacht und Morgen unter den Tropen, swd.	(L. W. Schmidt)
Frentzel (J. P.), Ueber die Landesferdestucht, swd.	(L. W. Schmidt)
Holtzendorf (Dr. F. von), Der Priester Celibat, swd.	(L. W. Schmidt)
Jannet (C.), États-Unis contemporains.	(E. Plon)
Lord Macaulay's Essay on Hallam's Constitutional History.	(Livingtons)
Littell's Living Age. Vol. XII.	(Littell & Gavi)
Mannhardt (Dr. W.), Kytia, swd.	(L. W. Schmidt)
Pödder (H. C.), Religion and Progress: an Essay.	(E. P. Dutton & Co.)
Rittersheim (Prof. G. R. von), Die Heilkünstler des alten Roms, swd.	(L. W. Schmidt)
Reber (G.), The Christ of Paul; or, Enigmas of Christianity.	(C. P. Somerby) \$2 00
Buskin (J.), Studies of Wayside Flowers.	(John Wiley & son)
Wood and Metal Engraving.	
Studies of Waves and Stones.	
Stieler's Hand-Atlas. Part 33 and last.	(L. W. Schmidt)
Strohm (Gertrude), Word-Pictures.	(B. Westermann & Co.)
Stern (Prof. A.), Milton and Cromwell, swd.	(D. Lotaron & Co.)
Thorpe (K.), Little Joanna: a Novel, swd.	(L. W. Schmidt)
Trächsel (Dr. G.), Der Katholicismus seit der Reformation, swd.	(D. Appleton & Co.) 0 60

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This grand treatise was imported in quantities by Messrs. Lee &amp; Shepard, from whom the undersigned has purchased the balance of the stock and reduced the price from \$25 to \$9.

*LIFE OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.* Compiled by J. Lowenberg, Robert Ave Lalle-mant, and Alfred Dove. Edited by Prof. Karl Bruhns. Translated by Lassell. 2 vols. 8vo cloth, 3 portraits. London: 1873.

This splendid biography of one of the great lights of modern science was first placed on the American market at \$27. A balance of edition has been purchased by the subscriber and the price reduced to \$5 the set. Only thirteen sets now remain.

*ALASKA AND ITS RESOURCES.*

By W. H. Dall. 8vo, pp. 628, map and illustrations substantially bound in bevelled cloth. Boston: 1870.

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# Harper & Brothers' List of New Books.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of the following books by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.

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